POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Written by

Dr. *THOMAS PARNELL*,

Late Arch-Deacon of *Clogher*:

And Publiſh'd by Mr. *POPE*.

Dignum laude Virum Muſa vetat mori. HOR.

To which is added

The LIFE of *ZOILUS*:

AND

His REMARKS on *HOMER*'s Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*.

LONDON:
Printed for H. LINTOT, J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER.
MDCCXLVII.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT

Earl of OXFORD *and* *Earl* MORTIMER.

SUCH were the Notes, thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful Tongue.
Oh! juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt Manners, gentleſt Arts, adorn'd!

DEDICATION.

Bleſt in each Science, bleſt in ev'ry Strain!
Dear to the Muſe, to HARLEY dear——in vain!

For him, thou oft has bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For *Swift* and him, deſpis'd the Farce of State,
The ſober Follies of the Wiſe and Great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a Friend be dear,
(A Sigh the Abſent claims, the Dead a Tear)
Recall thoſe Nights that clos'd thy toilſome Days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living Lays:
Who careleſs, now, of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was Great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And

DEDICATION.

And ſure, if ought below the Seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard Inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Anger, and all Pride,
The Rage of Pow'r, the Blaſt of publick Breath,
The Luſt of Lucre, and the Dread of Death.

In vain to Deſarts thy Retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent Shade:
'Tis hers, the brave Man's lateſt Steps to trace,
Re-judge his Acts, and dignify Diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking Train,
When all th' Oblig'd deſert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
When the laſt ling'ring Friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy Evening Walk with Bays,
(No Hireling ſhe, no Proſtitute to Praiſe)

DEDICATION.

Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting Ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy Various Day,
Thro' Fortune's Cloud One truly Great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is He.

Sept. 25,
1721.

A. POPE.

HESIOD;

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OR THE

RISE of WOMAN.

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RISE of WOMAN.

WHAT ancient Times (thoſe Times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long Record of *Woman*'s Riſe,
What Morals teach it, and what Fables hide,
What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,

All

All theſe I ſing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale
(In *Greece* 'twas thought a *Woman* might be frail.)
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt Pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The Caſe was *Heſiod*'s; he the Fable writ;
Some think with Meaning, ſome with idle Wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the Conteſt, and commence the Lays.

In Days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low Creation ſwarm'd with Men)
That one *Prometheus*, ſprung of heav'nly Birth,
(Our Author's Song can witneſs) liv'd on Earth.
He carv'd the Turf to mold a manly Frame,
And ſtole from *Jove* his animating Flame.
The ſly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began:

Oh

Oh vers'd in Arts! whoſe daring Thoughts aſpire
To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire!
Enjoy thy Glory paſt, That Gift was thine;
The next thy Creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a Gift, a Vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the Counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing Boſom-cheat, a ſpecious Ill,
Which felt they curſe, yet covet ſtill to feel.

He ſaid, and *Vulcan* ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands;
In ſuch a Shape to mould a riſing Fair,
As Virgin-Goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water ſhine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem, to breathe.

As

As *Vulcan* ends, the cheerful *Queen* of *Charms*
Claſp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms;
From that Embrace a fine Complexion ſpread,
Where mingled Whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter Red.
Then in a Kiſs ſhe breath'd her various Arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts;
A Mind for Love, but ſtill a changing Mind;
The Liſp affected, and the Glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing Bluſh, the ſecret Wink,
The gentle-ſwimming Walk, the courteous Sink,
The Stare for Strangeneſs fit, for Scorn the Frown,
For decent yielding Looks declining down,
The practis'd Languiſh, where well-feign'd Deſire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire;
Gay Smiles to comfort; *April* ſhow'rs to move;
And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-

Gold-ſcepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair;
Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
Self-valuing Fancy, highly-creſted Pride,
Strong ſov'reign Will, and *ſome* Deſire to chide:
For which, an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (ſkilful Goddeſs) trained the Maid
To twirl the Spindle by the twiſting Thread,
To fix the Loom, inſtruct the Reeds to part,
Croſs the long Weft, and cloſe the Web with Art,
An uſeful Gift; but what profuſe Expence,
What world of Faſhions, took its Riſe from hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a cloſe-contriving God,
Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod:
Then Plots and fair Excuſes, fill'd her Brain,
The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
The Price of Favours; the deſigning Arts
That aim at Riches in Cóntempt of Hearts;

And

And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife.*

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
And fond Perſwaſion tip'd her eaſy Tongue;
He gave her Words, where oily Flatt'ry lays
The pleaſing Colours of the Art of Praiſe;
And Wit, to Scandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her Voice, and ſhed a Sweetneſs there,
To make her Senſe with double Charms abound,
Or make her lively Nonſenſe pleaſe by Sound.

To dreſs the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry Cover play'd;

Then

Then ſpread thoſe Implements that *Vulcan*'s Art
Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea*'s Heart;
The Wire to curl, the cloſe-indented Comb
To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the Mirrour, where the raviſh'd Maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
Confin'd her Treſſes with a Wreath of Flow'rs;
Within the Wreath aroſe a radiant Crown;
A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
The purfled Border deck'd the Floor with Gold.
Her Robe (which cloſely by the Girdle brac't
Reveal'd the Beauties of a ſlender Waſte)
Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus*' Air,
When *Venus*' Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new-ſprung Creature finiſh'd thus for Harms,
Adjuſts her Habit, practiſes her Charms,

With

With Bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively Smiles,
Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiles:
Then conſcious of her Worth, with eaſy Pace
Glides by the Glaſs, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep Cave the *Siſter Fates* explore,
Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their Toil prophetick Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock, my Flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, riſes now to reign.
New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to die;
New Parts diſtreſs the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Miſtreſs, and the ruling Wife.

Men,

Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to ſacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.

Thus in a thouſand wax-erected Forts
A loitering Race the painful Bee ſupports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,
Fly where he will, at Home the Race remain,
Prune the Silk Dreſs, and murm'ring eat the Gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whoſe Temper betters by the Father's Side;
Unlike the reſt that double Human Care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:

Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance!
The Curſe is gen'ral, but the Bleſſing Chance.

Thus ſung the *Siſters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature, made for Man in Ire;
The young *Pandora* ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her End:
Then bid the Winds that fly to breathe the Spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle Wing;
With wafting Airs the Winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining Vengeance ſafe below,
A golden Coffer in her Hand ſhe bore,
(The Preſent treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
'Twas fraught with Pangs; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
That Gold ſhou'd aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Deſcent the Man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star;
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.

O'er

O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Paſſion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.
Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
Or ſwears that *Venus* muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his Offers while her Airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful Glances from the bended Frown,
In briſk Diſorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careleſs Tune to lay the Storm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in *Form.*

" Now take what *Jove* deſign'd (ſhe ſoftly cry'd)
" This Box thy Portion, and Myſelf thy Bride:"
Fir'd with the Proſpect of the double Charms,
He ſnatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone:
The fatal Gift, her tempting Self, unknown!
The Winds were ſilent, all the Waves aſleep,
And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep;

But whilſt he looks unmindful of a Storm,
And thinks the Water wears a ſtable Form,
What dreadful Din around his Ears ſhall riſe!
What Frowns confuſe his Picture of the Skies!

At firſt the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the World his own.
For him the Nymphs in Green forſook the Woods,
For him the Nymphs in Blue forſook the Floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him Heroes in the ſecret Cave.
No Care deſtroy'd, no ſick Diſorder prey'd,
No bending Age his ſprightly Form decay'd,
No Wars were known, no Females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, thoſe Ills the Box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the Wind,
From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progreſs grew:

The

The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a ſickly Face;
New Terms of Folly roſe, new States of Care;
New Plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The Days of Whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the Breach of Leagues;
The mean Deſigns of well-diſſembled Love;
The ſordid Matches never join'd above;
Abroad, the Labour, and at home the Noiſe,
(Man's double Sufferings for domeſtick Joys)
The Curſe of Jealouſy; Expence, and Strife;
Divorce, the publick Brand of ſhameful Life;
The Rival's Sword; the Qualm that takes the Fair;
Diſdain for Paſſion, Paſſion in Deſpair ——
Theſe, and a thouſand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thouſand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on *Parnaſſus* tuneful *Heſiod* ſung,
The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,

The ſacred Groves a fix'd Attention ſhow,
The chryſtal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verſe be true)
The *Muſes* came to give the Laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
If *Love* ſwore Vengeance for the Tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your Friend relate
What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writer's Fate,
Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted Shade
The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd Hours away;
A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
A fair *Mileſian*, kind *Evanthe* ſhe:
But ſwelling Nature in a fatal Hour
Betray'd the Secrets of the conſcious Bow'r;

The

The dire Diſgrace her Brothers count their own,
And track her Steps, to make its Author known.

It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's Day)
Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay;
When *Heſiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the Scene:
A ſtrong Suſpicion ſtrait poſſeſt their Mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle Kind.)
But when *Evanthe* near the Paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful Look, and ſhot the Wood,
" Now take (at once they cry) thy due Reward,"
And urg'd with erring Rage, aſſault the Bard.
His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to ſhore.

Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
And ſee the Dreams of antient Wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the *Muſes* round the Body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by;

He wheels his Arrow with inſulting Hand,
And thus inſcribes the Moral on the Sand.
" Here *Heſiod* lies: Ye future Bards, beware
" How far your Moral Tales incenſe the Fair:
" Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his Fate to bleed;
" Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed;
" He judg'd this Turn of Malice juſtly due,
" And *Heſiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew."

SONG

SONG.

WHEN thy Beauty appears,
In its Graces and Airs,
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Bluſhes thro' ev'ry Vein;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Paſſion and Pride
In our Sex (ſhe reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beſide,
But ſtill be a Woman to you.

A SONG.

THIRSIS, a young and am'rous Swain,
Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain;
Who both his Heart ſubdue:
Gay *Cælia*'s Eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy Shape and Air
With ſofter Magic drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And

And ſeems for each to die;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's Shape ran down,
And ſhe *Sabina*'s Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Thoſe Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;
So ſet the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or with a True-love Knot and Name
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Cælia!* (ſly *Sabina* cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the Sex's Pride,
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (ſays *Cælia*) ſay no more;
For ſhou'd the Swain but one adore,
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

SONG.

SONG.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careleſs Eaſe from Tree to Tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream?
Or aſk the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent one Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught,
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fix'd upon my Thought.

Ye

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſting Pines!
  Ye Swains that haunt the Grove!
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds!
  Ye cloſe Retreats of Love!

With all of Nature, all of Art,
  Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
  To make my *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
  As much as of Deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
  Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
  Is mix'd with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
  I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTICK.

WHEN Spring came on with freſh Delight,
To cheer the Soul, and charm the Sight,
While eaſy Breezes, ſofter Rain,
And warmer Suns ſalute the Plain;
'Twas then, in yonder Piny Grove,
That *Nature* went to meet with *Love.*

Green was her Robe, and green her Wreath,
Where-e'er ſhe trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where-e'er ſhe turn'd, the Pulſes beat
With new Recruits of *Genial* Heat;
And in her Train the Birds appear,
To match for all the coming Year.

Rais'd

Rais'd on a Bank where Daizies grew,
And Vi'lets intermix'd a Blue,
She finds the Boy ſhe went to find;
A thouſand *Pleaſures* wait behind,
Aſide, a thouſand Arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the *Dame* and *Boy*,
Dancing *Graces*, idle *Joy*,
Wanton *Smiles*, and airy *Play*,
Conſpir'd to make the Scene be gay;
Love pair'd the Birds through all the Grove,
And *Nature* bid them ſing to *Love*,
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, ſing,
And pay their Tribute from the Wing,
To fledge the Shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the Blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling Wood,
And thrice they make the Plumes agree,
And ev'ry Dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry Dart can boaſt a Kind,
Which ſuits each proper Turn of Mind.

From the tow'ring *Eagle*'s Plume
The *Generous Hearts* accept their Doom;
Shot by the *Peacock*'s painted Eye
The *vain* and *airy Lovers* die:
For *careful Dames* and *frugal* Men,
The Shafts are ſpeckled by the *Hen.*
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the Darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting Hearts:
When from the *Voice* the Paſſions ſpring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a Wing:
Together, by the *Sparrow* ſtung,
Down fall the *Wanton* and the *Young:*

And

And fledg'd by *Geeſe* the Weapons fly,
When others love *they know not why.*

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving Grove.
And ſee, ſays *Love*, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with *Nature* here,
How both ſupport a proper Part,
She gives the Feather, I the Dart:
Then ceaſe for Souls averſe to ſigh,
If *Nature* croſs ye, ſo do I;
My Weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the Skies.
But if the *mutual Charms* I find
By which ſhe links you Mind to Mind,
They wing my Shafts, I poize the Darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your Hearts.

ANACREONTICK.

GAY *Bacchus* liking *Eaſtcourt*'s Wine,
A noble Meal beſpoke us;
And for the Gueſts that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
Near *Comus*, *Jocus* plac'd;
For *Wine* makes *Love* forget its Care,
And *Mirth* exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging *Grace*
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

Then

Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky;
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took Care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits:

And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus'* Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet 'em all at odds;
And, had I *Homer*'s Pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drunk like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the *Furies* ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Darts to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Jocus took *Comus'* roſy Crown,
And gayly wore the Prize,
And thrice in Mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then *Cupid* ſought the myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline,
And *Venus* cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at *Wine*.

And *Comus* loudly curſing *Wit*,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, ſtill behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song;
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A

FAIRY TALE

IN THE

Ancient ENGLISH *Style.*

IN *Britain*'s Iſle and *Arthur*'s Days,
When midnight *Faeries* daunc'd the Maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Senſe and Truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.

His

His Mountain Back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure Height againſt his Head,
And lift itſelf above:
Yet ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth Form forbid,
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of *Edith*'s Eyes,
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
Cou'd Ladies look within;
But one Sir *Topaz* dreſs'd with Art,
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
With ſlighted Paſſion pac'd along
All in the Moony Light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted Court,
Where ſportive *Faeries* made Reſort
To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the Path was loſt
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town;
With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
Reſolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,
And drops his Limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the Floor,
When hollow Winds remove the Door,
A Trembling rocks the Ground:
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred Tapers light
On all the Walls around.

Now ſounding Tongues aſſail his Ear,
Now ſounding Feet approachen near,
And now the Sounds encreaſe,
And from the Corner where he lay
He ſees a Train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the Place.

But (truſt me *Gentles!*) never yet
Was dight a Maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The Country lent the ſweet Perfumes,
The Sea the Pearl, the Sky the Plumes,
The Town its ſilken Store.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a *Gallant* dreſt
In flaunting Robes above the reſt,
With awful Accent cry'd;
What *Mortal* of a wretched Mind,
Whoſe Sighs infect the balmy Wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whoſe vent'rous Soul
No Fears of *Magick* Art controul,
Advanc'd in open Sight;
'Nor have I Cauſe of Dreed, he ſaid,
'Who view (by no Preſumption led)
'Your Revels of the Night.

'Twas

‘ 'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,
‘ Which made my Steps unweeting rove
‘ Amid the nightly Dew.’
'Tis well, the *Gallant* cries again,
We *Faeries* never injure Men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected Heart,
Be mine the Taſk, or ere we part,
To make thee Grief reſign;
Now take the Pleaſure of thy Chaunce;
Whilſt I with *Mab* my Part'ner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine.

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light Muſick floats in wanton Air:
The *Monarch* leads the *Queen*:
The reſt their *Faerie* Partners found,
And *Mable* trimly tript the Ground
With *Edwin* of the Green.

The Dauncing paſt, the Board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a Feaſt was made
As Heart and Lip deſire;
Withouten Hands the Diſhes fly,
The Glaſſes with a Wiſh come nigh,
And with a Wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the *Faerie King*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick Feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
And other-ſome tranſmute their Shape
In *Edwin*'s wond'ring Eyes.

'Till one at laſt that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the Beam he flung,
Where by the Back the *Youth* he hung
To ſpraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, " Reverſe my Charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now ſuffice
" The Gambol has been ſhewn.
But *Oberon* anſwers with a Smile,
Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,
The Vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome Play;
They ſmelt the freſh Approach of Day,
And heard a Cock to crow;
The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd
Has clap'd the Door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the Tapers die;
Poor *Edwin* falls to Floor;
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,
Was never Wight in ſike a Caſe
Through all the Land before.

But

ut ſoon as Dan *Apollo* roſe,
ull Jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the leſs;
is honeſt Tongue and ſteady Mind
an rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Succeſs.

ith luſty Livelyhed he talks,
e ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story ſoon took Wind;
nd beauteous *Edith* ſees the Youth,
ndow'd with Courage, Senſe and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

he Story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The Youth of *Edith* erſt approv'd)
To ſee the Revel Scene:
t cloſe of Eve he leaves his Home,
nd wends to find the ruin'd Dome
All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The Wind came ruſtling down a Dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the Wall:
Up ſpring the Tapers as before,
The *Faeries* bragly foot the Floor,
And Muſick fills the Hall.

But *certes* ſorely ſunk with Woe
Sir *Topaz* ſees the *Elphin* Show,
His Spirits in him die:
When *Oberon* cries, 'A Man is near,
'A mortal Paſſion, cleeped Fear,
'Hangs flagging in the Sky.

With that Sir *Topaz* (hapleſs Youth!)
In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth
Intreats them Pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter Wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night
To tread the circled Haunt;

'Ah

Ah Loſell vile, at once they roar!
And little ſkill'd of *Faerie* Lore,
'Thy Cauſe to come we know:
Now has thy Keſtrell Courage fell;
And *Faeries*, ſince a Lie you tell,
'Are free to work thee Woe.

Then *Will*, who bears the wiſpy Fire
To trail the Swains among the Mire,
The Caitive upward flung;
There like a Tortoiſe in a Shop
He dangled from the Chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they friſk it o'er the Place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat:
The Time with frolick Mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the Rout retreat.

By this the Stars began to wink,
They ſkriek, they fly, the Tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never Spell by *Faerie* laid
With ſtrong Enchantment bound a Glade
Beyond the Length of Night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the Welkin roſe the Day,
Then deem'd the Dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder Lot?
His ſeely Back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* loſt afore.

This Tale a *Sybil-Nurſe* ared;
She ſoftly ſtrok'd my youngling Head,
And when the Tale was done,
'Thus ſome are born, my Son (ſhe cries)
'With baſe Impediments to riſe,
'And ſome are born with none.

'But

‘ But Virtue can itſelf advance
‘ To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance
By Fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
‘ Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
‘ And from itſelf ſhake off the Weight
‘ Upon th' unworthy Mind.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

CRAS amet, qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis eſt,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam reſolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta ſublimi throno.

THE
VIGIL of *VENUS.*

Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR, *and by ſome aſcribed to* CATULLUS.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The *Spring*, the new, the warb'ling Spring appears,
The youthful Seaſon of reviving Years;
In Spring the *Loves* enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nation chuſe their tuneful Mates,
The Trees grow fruitful with deſcending Rain
And dreſt in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Tunc liquore de ſuperno, ſpumeo ponti e globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ipſa

She comes; to-morrow *Beauty's Empreſs* roves
Thro' Walks that winding run within the Groves;
She twines the ſhooting Myrtle into Bow'rs,
And ties their meeting Tops with Wreaths of Flow'rs,
Then rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy Throne,
From Nature's pow'rful Dictates draws her own.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that Day which ſaw the teeming Flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial Blood;
Wand'ring in Circles ſtood the finny Crew,
The midſt was left a void Expanſe of Blue,
There Parent *Ocean* work'd with heaving Throes,
And dropping wet the fair *Dione* roſe.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Ipſa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipſa ſurgentis papillas de Favonî ſpiritu,
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipſa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, ſpargit umentis aquas,
Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
Gutta præceps orbe parvo ſuſtinet caſus ſuos.
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Umor ille, quem ſerenis aſtra rorant noctibus,
Mane virgines papillas ſolvit umenti peplo.
Ipſa juſſit mane ut udæ virgines nubant roſæ
Fuſæ prius de cruore deque amoris oſculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque Solis purpuris.

Cras

She paints the purple Year with vary'd Show,
Tips the green Gem, and makes the Bloſſom glow.
She makes the turgid Buds receive the Breeze,
Expand to Leaves, and ſhade the naked Trees.
When gath'ring Damps the miſty Nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the Morn with balmy Dews;
Bright trembling Pearls depend at ev'ry Spray,
And kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy Freſhneſs hence the *Roſe* receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken Leaves;
(The Drops deſcending through the ſilent Night,
While Stars ſerenely roll their golden Light,)
Cloſe 'till the Morn, her humid Veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with Virgin Pomp the Flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the Morning bluſh: Ye Maids! prepare,
In roſy Garlands bind your flowing Hair;

Cras ruborem qui latebat veſte tectus ignea,

Unica marito nodo non pudebit ſolvere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ipſa Nimfas Diva luco juſſit ire myrteo
Et Puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.
Ite Nimfæ: poſuit arma, feriatus eſt Amor.

'Tis *Venus'* Plant: The Blood fair *Venus* ſhed,
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red;
From *Love*'s ſoft Kiſs a ſweet *Ambroſial* Smell
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell;
From Gemms, from Flames, from orient Rays of Light
The richeſt Luſtre makes her Purple bright;
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting Gale
Unties her Zone, ſhe burſts the verdant Veil;
Thro' all her Sweets the rifling *Lover* flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing Fires ariſe.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair *Dione* to the Myrtle Grove
Sends the gay *Nymphs*, and ſends her tender *Love*,
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go?
While *Nymphs* have Hearts, and *Cupid* wears a *Bow*?
Yes,

Juſſus eſt inermis ire, nudus ire juſſus eſt:
Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen cavete Nimfæ, quod Cupido pulcer eſt:
Totus eſt inermis idem, quando nudus eſt Amor.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.
Una res eſt quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
Ut nemus ſit incruentum de ferinis ſtragibus.
Ipſa vellet ut venires, ſi deceret virginem:
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:
Congreges inter catervas ire per ſaltus tuos,

Floreas

Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning Ill,
His Torch extinct, his Quiver uſeleſs hung,
His Arrows idle, and his Bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye *Nymphs*, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
And *Love* that's naked, ſtill is *Love* in Arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

From *Venus'* Bow'r to *Delia's* Lodge repairs
A Virgin Train compleat with modeſt Airs:
'Chaſt *Delia!* grant our Suit! or ſhun the Wood,
'Nor ſtain this ſacred Lawn with ſavage Blood.
'*Venus*, O *Delia!* if ſhe cou'd perſuade,
'Wou'd aſk thy Preſence, might ſhe aſk a Maid.
Here chearful Quires for three auſpicious Nights
With Songs prolong the pleaſurable Rites:

Here

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter caſas.

Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus abſunt, nec Poetarum Deus;

Decinent & tota nox eſt pervigila cantibus.

Regnet in ſilvis Dione: tu recede Delia.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,

cras amet.

Juſſit Hiblæis tribunal ſtare Diva floribus.

Præſens ipſa jura dicit, adſederunt Gratiæ.

Hibla

Here Crouds in Meaſures lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by Pairs the Covert of the Grove,
Where meeting Greens for Arbours arch above,
And mingling Flowrets ſtrow the Scenes of Love.
Hence dancing *Ceres* ſhakes her golden Sheaves:
Here *Bacchus* revels, deckt with viny Leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting God in Lawrel crown'd
Wakes all the raviſh'd Hours with ſilver Sound.
Ye Fields, ye Foreſts, own *Dione*'s Reign,
And *Delia*, Huntreſs *Delia*, ſhun the Plain.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the Bloom of all her op'ning Year,
The *Queen* at *Hybla* bids her Throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the fav'rite Band
(Her ſmiling Graces) ſhare the great Command.

Now

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

Hibla florum rumpe veſtem, quantus Ænnæ campus eſt.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque ſilvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Juſſit omnis adſidere pueri Mater alitas,

Juſſit & nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Et

Now beauteous *Hybla!* dreſs thy flow'ry Beds
With all the Pride the laviſh Seaſon ſheds;
Now all thy Colours, all thy Fragrance yield,
And rival *Enna*'s aromatick Field.
To fill the Preſence of the gentle Court
From ev'ry Quarter rural *Nymphs* reſort,
From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble Vales,
From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the *laughing Queen*
In Circles ſeats them round the Bank of green;
And 'Lovely Girls, (ſhe whiſpers) guard your Hearts;
'My Boy, tho' ſtript of Arms, abounds in Arts.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus
In ſinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,
Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.
Ipſa venas atque mentem permeante ſpiritu
Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,
Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum ſubditum,
Pervium ſui tenorem ſeminali tramite
Imbuit, juſſitque mundum noſſe naſcendi vias.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipſa

Let tender Graſs in ſhaded Alleys ſpread,
et early Flow'rs erect their painted Head.
o-morrow's Glory be to-morrow ſeen,
hat Day, old *Ether* wedded *Earth* in green.
he *Vernal Father* bid the Spring appear,
n Clouds he coupled to produce the Year,
he Sap deſcending o'er her Boſom ran,
nd all the various ſorts of Soul began.
y Wheels unknown to Sight, by ſecret Veins
iſtilling Life, the fruitful Goddeſs reigns,
hrough all the lovely Realms of native Day,
hrough all the circled Land, and circling Sea;
ith fertil Seed ſhe fill'd the pervious Earth,
nd ever fix'd the myſtick Ways of Birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Ipſa Trojanos nepotes in Latino tranſtulit;
Ipſa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit:
Moxque Marti de ſacello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipſa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames & Quirites, proque prole poſterûm
Romoli matrem crearet & nepotem Cæſarem.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem ſentiunt.
Ipſe Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.

Hunc

'Twas ſhe the *Parent*, to the *Latian* Shore
Through various Dangers *Troy*'s Remainder bore.
She won *Lavinia* for her warlike Son,
And winning her, the *Latian* Empire won.
She gave to *Mars* the Maid, whoſe honour'd Womb
Swell'd with the *Founder* of immortal *Rome*.
Decoy'd by Shows the *Sabin* Dames ſhe led,
And taught our vig'rous Youth the Means to wed.
Hence ſprung the *Romans*, hence the Race divine
Thro' which great *Cæſar* draws his *Julian* Line.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural Seats the Soul of *Pleaſure* reigns;
The Life of *Beauty* fills the rural Scenes;
Ev'n *Love* (if *Fame* the Truth of *Love* declare)
Drew firſt the Breathings of a rural Air.

Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipſa ſuſcepit ſinu,
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ecce, jam ſuper geniſtas explicant tauri latus.
Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
Et canoras non tacere Diva juſſit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,
Adſonat Terei puella ſubter umbram populi,
Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici muſico,
Et neges queri ſororem de marito barbaro.

Illa

Some pleaſing Meadow pregnant *Beauty* preſt,
She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breaſt,
From Nature's Sweets he ſipp'd the fragrant Dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
Now ſtately Rams their fleecy Conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring Shade.
And now the *Goddeſs* bids the Birds appear,
Raiſe all their Muſick, and ſalute the Year:
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the Song
Runs o'er the Water where he ſails along;
While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
And from the Poplar charms the liſt'ning Plain.

Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?

Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere deſinam?

Perdidi Muſam tacendo, nec me Phœbus reſpicit.

Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit ſilentium.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

We fancy Love expreſt at ev'ry Note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid Throat.
Of barb'rous *Tereus* ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for Pleaſure, as for Grief before.
And ſtill her Graces riſe, her Airs extend,
And all is Silence 'till the *Syren* end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?
And when ſhall I, and when the Swallow ſing?
Sweet *Philomela* ceaſe,———Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapt'rous Hour of Wit:
'Tis gone, the Fit retires, the Flames decay,
My tuneful *Phœbus* flies averſe away.
His own *Amycle* thus, as Stories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER's

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS and *MICE.*

Names of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*
Troxartas, *A Bread-eater.*
Lychomile, *A Licker of Meal.*
Pternotractas, *A Bacon-eater.*
Lychopinax, *A Licker of Diſhes.*
Embaſichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*
Lychenor, *A Name for Licking.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheeſe Scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon Scooper.*
Pternophagus, *A Bacon eater.*
Cniſſodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

Names of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who ſwells his Cheeks.*
Pelus, *A Name from Mud.*
Hydromeduſe, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Hypſiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Pelion, *From Mud.*
Scutlæus, *Call'd from the Beets.*
Polyphonus, *A great Babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*
Crambophagus, *Cabbage eater.*
Lymniſius, *Call'd from the Lake.*
Calaminthius, *From the Herb.*
Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*
Praſſophagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*
Peluſius, *From Mud.*
Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*
Praſſæus, *Call'd from Garlick.*
Craugaſides, *From Croaking.*

HOMER's

BATTLE of the FROGS, *&c.*

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing Song with ſacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye ſweet Celeſtial Quire!
From *Helicon*'s imbow'ring Height repair,
Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.

The

The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
The Springs of Conteſt, and the Fields of Fight;
How threat'ning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
Not louder Tumults ſhook *Olympus'* Tow'rs,
When Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.
Thoſe equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
And thus the *Muſe* records the Tale of Fame.

Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching Claws of Death,
A Gentle *Mouſe*, whom Cats purſu'd in vain,
Fled ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring Plain,
Hung o'er a Brink, his eager Thirſt to cool
And dipt his Whiſkers in the ſtanding Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head;
And from the Waters, hoarſe-reſounding ſaid:

What

What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you
boaſt?
What Chance has caſt thee panting on our Coaſt?
With ſtricteſt Truth let all thy Words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.
If worthy Friendſhip, proffer'd Friendſhip take,
And ent'ring view the pleaſureable Lake:
Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable Fare.
This ſilver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great *Phyſignathus* I, from *Peleus'* Race,
Begot in fair *Hydromede*'s Embrace, Hydromedusæ P.
Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
The ſwift *Eridanus* delights to glide.
Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port pro-
claim
A ſcepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
Then trace thy Line, and aid my gueſſing Eyes.
Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouſe* replies.

Known

Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly
Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The Soul of Great *Pſycarpax* lives in me.
Of brave *Troxartas'* Line, whoſe ſleeky Down
In Love compreſs'd *Lychomilè* the brown.
My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
Born where a Cabin lifts it airy Shed,
With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
But ſince our Natures nought in common know,
From what Foundation can a Friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in Flaſkets from my curious Eye,
In vain the Tripe that boaſts the whiteſt Hue,
In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my View,

In

In vain the Cheeſes, Offspring of the Paile,
Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.
And as in Arts I ſhine, in Arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to Flight.
Tho' large to mine the human Form appear,
Not *Man* himſelf can ſmite my Soul with Fear.
Sly to the Bed with ſilent Steps I go,
Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,
And fix indented Wounds with dext'rous Skill;
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cauſe,
Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
And that falſe *Trap*, the Den of ſilent Fate,
Where *Death* his Ambuſh plants around the Bait:
All-dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent Warriers of the tabby Veſt;
If to the Dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
And rend our Heroes of the *nibbling* Race.
But me, nor Stalks, nor wat'riſh Herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon Radiſh charm my Sight,

The Lake-reſounding *Frogs* ſelected Fare,
Which not a *Mouſe* of any Taſte can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his Mind expreſt,
His Anſwer thus the croaking King addreſt.

Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
And, Stranger, we can boaſt of bounteous *Jove*:
We ſport in Water, or we dance on Land,
And born amphibious, Food from both command.
But truſt thyſelf where Wonders ask thy View,
And ſafely tempt thoſe Seas, I'll bear thee thro':
Aſcend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
And reach my marſhy Court, and feaſt in State.

He ſaid, and bent his Back; with nimble Bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his Arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad Survey
The winding Banks reſembling Ports at Sea.

But

But when aloft the curling Water rides,
And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
His Thoughts grow conſcious of approaching Woe,
His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
Thick beats his Heart with unaccuſtom'd Fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore:
His Tail extended forms a fruitleſs Oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.

So paſs'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way;
With oary Feet the Bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.
Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the *Frog* ſupport
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.

As thus he ſorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the Deep a Water-*Hydra* roſe;

He roll's his ſanguin'd Eyes, his Boſom heaves,
And darts with active Rage along the Waves.
Confus'd, the Monarch ſees his hiſſing Foe,
And dives, to ſhun the ſable Fates, below.
Forgetful *Frog!* The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
He graſps with fruitleſs Hands to find Relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief,
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with Fate in vain.
The weighty Moiſture clogs his hairy Veſt,
And thus the Prince his dying Rage expreſt.

A. P.

Nor thou, that fling'ſt me flound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring Wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy Due, perfidious King!
Purſu'd by Vengeance on the ſwifteſt Wing:

At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine:
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching Eyes:
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers riſe!

This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd.
His Death the young *Lychopinax* eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry Brink he paſs'd the Day,
Bask'd in the Beams, and loiter'd Life away.
Loud ſhrieks the *Mouſe*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat;
The nibbling Nation learn their Hero's Fate:
Grief, diſmal Grief enſues; deep Murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground.
From Lodge to Lodge the *ſacred Heralds* run,
To fix their Council with the riſing Sun;
Where great *Troxartas*[ES] crown'd in Glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains;

Pſycarpax' Father, Father now no more!
For poor *Pſycarpax* lies remote from Shore;
Supine he lies! the ſilent Waters ſtand,
And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!

HOMER's

HOMER's

BATTLE of the FROGS, *&c.*

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
Around their *Monarch-Mouſe* the Nation crowds;
Slow roſe the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious Breaſt,
And thus the Council, fill'd with Rage, addreſt.

For loſt *Pſycarpax* much my Soul endures,
'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.
Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
Three Sons, alas! before their Father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful ſat.
Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,
Dire *Arts* aſſiſt the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
And Men unpitying kill'd my *gallant Boy!*
The laſt, his *Country*'s Hope, his *Parent*'s Pride,
Plung'd in the Lake by *Phyſignathus*, dy'd.
Rouſe all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.

His Words in ev'ry Breaſt inſpir'd Alarms,
And careful *Mars* ſupply'd their Hoſt with Arms.
In verdant Hulls deſpoil'd of all their Beans,
The buſkin'd Warriors ſtalk'd along the Plains:

Quills

Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corſelet made,
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd:
The Lamp's round Boſs affords their ample Shield;
Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
And o'er the Region with reflected Rays,
Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear;
The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
Forſake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
And ask and hearken, whence the Noiſes ſpring.
When near the Croud, diſclos'd to publick View,
The valiant Chief *Embaſichytros* drew:
The ſacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And thus his Words expreſt his King's Command.

Ye *Frogs!* the *Mice*, with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in Armour ſhake the ſhining Lance:

Their hapleſs Prince by *Phyſignathus* ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry Plain.
Then arm your Hoſt, the doubtful Battle try;
Lead forth thoſe *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling yet perplex'd appear;
Much they reſent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
Who riſing ſpoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends, I never forc'd the *Mouſe* to Death,
Nor ſaw the Gaſpings of his lateſt Breath,
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
To Vengeance now by falſe Appearance led,
They point their Anger at my guiltleſs Head,
But wage the riſing War by deep Device,
And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.

Your

Your *King* directs the Way; my Thoughts elate
With Hopes of Conqueſt, form Deſigns of Fate.
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
And the ſteep Sides confine the ſleeping Wave,
There, near the Margin, clad in Armour bright, and P
Suſtain the firſt impetuous Shocks of Fight:
Then, where the dancing Feather joins the Creſt,
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouſe* arreſt;
Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a Foe,
'Till countleſs Circles whirl the Lake below;
Down ſink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the Waters; and the Shores reſound: echoing P
The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
And raiſe their glorious Trophies of the Slain.

He ſpake no more: his prudent Scheme imparts
Redoubling Ardour to the boldeſt Hearts.
Green was the Suit his arming Heroes choſe,
Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows cloſe,

Green

Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
And green the Colewort, which the Target made.
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their gloſſy Helmets gliſt'ned o'er the Field:
And tap'ring Sea-reeds for the poliſh'd Spear,
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
Thus dreſs'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
Poiſe the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where *Jove*'s irradiate Spires ariſe,
With Stars ſurrounded in Æthereal Skies,
(A ſolemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden Seats:
The Sire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous Heroes ſtride!
What Length of Lance they ſhake with warlike Pride!

What

What eager Fire their rapid March reveals!
So the fierce *Centaurs* ravag'd o'er the Dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring *Titans* roſe,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.

This ſeen, the Pow'r his ſacred Viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,
And aſks what heav'nly Guardians take the Liſt,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* aſſiſt?

Then thus to *Pallas:* If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind?
Drawn forth by ſav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
And ſure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the Feaſt.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious Skies;
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.

When thus P.

In

In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
To ſuch, thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my chryſtal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentleſs Wretches! all the Work was mine!
Along the Loom the purple Warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light Shoot, and croſt the ſilver Thread;
In this their Teeth a thouſand Breaches tear,
The thouſand Breaches ſkilful Hands repair,
For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
But P(The Gods, that uſe no Coin, have none to give,
And Learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected Learning gains no Wealth below.)
Nor let the *Frogs* to win my Succour ſue;
Thoſe clam'rous Fools have loſt my Favour too.

For

For late, when all the Conflict ceas'd at Night,
When my ſtretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight;
When ſpent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And ſunk for Slumber on my ſwelling Shield;
Lo from the Deep, repelling ſweet Repoſe,
With noiſy Croakings half the Nation roſe:
Devoid of Reſt, with aking Brows I lay,
'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimſon Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear;
Leſt heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conqueſt of a meaner Foe.
Some daring Mouſe may meet the wond'rous Odds,
Tho' Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.

So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*; her Words perſuade,
Great *Jove* aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

HOMER's

HOMER's

BATTLE of the FROGS, *&c.*

BOOK III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies ſhine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line:
The Chiefs conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
Give the loud Signal to the ruſhing War;
the loud Sign to loose the S.
Their

Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets
ſound,
The ſounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

Firſt to the Fight the large *Hypſiboas* flew,
And brave *Lychenor* with a Javelin ſlew.
The luckleſs Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
Stood foremoſt glitt'ring in the Poſt of Fame;
When in his Liver ſtruck, the Javelin hung;
The *Mouſe* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
Prone to the Ground he ſinks his cloſing Eye,
And ſoil'd in Duſt his lovely Treſſes lie.

A Spear at *Pelion Troglodytes* caſt,
The miſſive Spear within the Boſom paſt;
Death's ſable Shades the fainting *Frog* ſurround,
And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.

Emba-

Embaſichytros felt *Seutlæus'* Dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;
But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the ſlain,
And big *Seutlæus* tumbling loads the Plain,
And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd
For boaſtful Speech, and Turbulence of Sound;
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul againſt the Face of Day.

The ſtrong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought;
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
(A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of ſure Retreat,
But Arts in vain elude impending Fate;)
Full on his ſinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;

Thro'

Thro' all the *Frog* the ſhining Jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd *Mouſe* the Victor dies.

The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, leſs inur'd to Fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly flound'ring flaſhes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of Blood
Diſtains the Surface of the ſilver Flood;
Through the wide Wound the ruſhing Entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs Carkaſs floats along.

Lymniſius good *Tyroglyphus* aſſails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Loſt to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to periſh on the Bank of Fate.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthius* ſhuns by Flight,
Drops the green Target, ſpringing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and ſafely dives below.
But dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
Through breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceneſs more,
His Parents fed him on the ſavage Boar;
But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, *Hydrocharis* purſu'd,
'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a ſhatt'ring Stone
Sounds on the Neck, and cruſhes all the Bone.
His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
And from his Noſtrils burſts the guſhing Brain.

Lycopinax with *Borbocætes* fights,
A blameleſs *Frog*, whom humbler Life delights;
The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And Darkneſs ſeals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.

Incens'd *Praſſophagus* with ſpritely Bound,
Bears *Cniſſiodortes* off the riſing Ground,
Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
And downward plunging, ſinks his Soul to Death.
But now the great *Pſycarpax* ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe Loſs provok'd the War)
Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
And thro' the Liver ſtruck *Peluſius* dead;
His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
His Soul indignant ſought the Shades of Hell.

This ſaw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
Heav'd with both Hands a monſtrous Maſs of Mud,
The Cloud obſcene o'er all the Hero flies,
Diſhonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly ſputt'ring, from the Shore
A Stone immenſe of Size the Warrior bore,

A Load for lab'ring Earth, (whoſe Bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.)
Full on the Leg arrives the cruſhing Wound;
The *Frog* ſupportleſs, writhes upon the Ground.

Thus fluſh'd, the Victor wars with matchleſs Force,
'Till loud *Craugaſides* arreſts his Courſe,
Hoarſe-croaking Threats precede! with fatal Speed
Deep-thro' the Belly run the pointed Reed,
Then ſtrongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.

The lame *Sitophagus*, oppreſs'd with Pain,
Creeps from the deſp'rate Dangers of the Plain;
And where the Ditches riſing Weeds ſupply
To ſpread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
There lurks the ſilent *Mouſe*, reliev'd from Heat,
And ſafe embow'r'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

But

But here *Troxartes*, *Phyſignathus* there,
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
But where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Phyſignathus* flies,
Halts to the Pool, a ſafe Retreat to find,
And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.
The *Mouſe* ſtill urges, ſtill the *Frog* retires,
And half in Anguiſh of the Flight expires:

Then pious Ardor young *Preſſæus* brings,
Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings;
Lank, harmleſs *Frog!* with Forces hardly grown,
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes'* Shield,
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant Prince that far tranſcends his Years,

Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his Houſe,
And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouſe:*
His Action bold, robuſt his ample Frame,
And *Meridarpax* his reſounding Name.
The Warrior ſingled from the fighting Crowd,
Boaſts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
To all its Nations threats approaching Fate.
And ſuch his Strength, the ſilver Lakes around
Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.

But pow'rful *Jove*, who ſhews no leſs his Grace
To *Frogs* that periſh, than to human Race,
Felt ſoft Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
And ſhook his ſacred Head, that ſhook the Pole.
Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began
The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Man.*

What

What Seas of Blood I view! what Worlds of Slain!
An *Iliad* riſing from a Day's Campaign!
How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
The black-furr'd Hero *Meridarpax* ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome fav'ring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.
Let dreadful *Pallas*, wing'd with Pity, fly,
And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye:
While *Mars* refulgent on his rattling Car,
Arreſts his raging Rival of the War.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
When thus the glorious God of Combats ſaid.
Nor *Pallas*, *Jove!* tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
With all the Terrors of her hiſſing Shield,
Nor *Mars* himſelf, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
Aſcend his Car, and wheel amidſt the Fight;

Not theſe can drive the deſp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
Or change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
When Heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.

'Twas thus th' Armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,
Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
Olympus trembles as the Thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd Bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant Ground;
The Bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming Paſſage thro' the Skies,

Then

Then *Earth*'s Inhabitants, the Nibblers, ſhake:
And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the *Waters*, quake.
Yet ſtill the *Mice* advance their dread Deſign,
And the laſt Danger threats the croaking Line,
'Till *Jove*, that inly mourn'd the Loſs they bore,
With ſtrange Aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
They march, a ſudden unexpected Crew!
Strong Sutes of Armour round their Bodies cloſe,
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go;
With Harpy Claws their Limbs divide below;
Fell Sheers the Paſſage to their Mouth command;
From out the Fleſh their Bones by Nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their Backs, their ſhining Shoulders riſe;
Unnumber'd Joints diſtort their lengthen'd Thighs;

With

With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black Eye-balls in their Boſom plac'd;
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread;
And either End alike ſupplies a Head.
Theſe, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree;
But The Gods have other Names for Things than we.
Thers to call crabs mere mortal Wits agree

Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with ſev'ring Graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
There, without Hands, upon the Field they lie.
Wrench'd from their Holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
Helpleſs Amazement, Fear purſuing Fear,
And mad Confuſion thro' their Hoſt appear:
O'er the wild Waſte with headlong Flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But

But down *Olympus* to the Weſtern Seas
Far-ſhooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays;
And a whole War (ſo *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praiſe, yet ſtill with due Reſpect to praiſe,
A *Bard* triumphant in immortal Bays,
The *Learn'd* to ſhow, the *Senſible* commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the Province of the *Friend*,
What Life, what Vigour muſt the Lines require?
What Muſick tune them? what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my Boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of Numbers worthy thine,
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my Lays, and ſing of thee.

Horace

Horace himſelf wou'd own thou doſt excell
In candid Arts to play the Critick well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom *Windſor* Foreſt ſees a gliding Stream,
On ſilver Feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetick Ground.

How flame the Glories of *Belinda*'s Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the Envy of the Fair;
Leſs ſhone the Treſſes *Ægypt*'s Princeſs wore,
Which ſweet *Callimachus* ſo ſung before.
Here courtly Trifles ſet the World at odds,
Belles war with *Beaux*, and *Whims* deſcend for *Gods*.
The new *Machines* in Names of Ridicule,
Mock the grave Phrenzy of the *Chimick* Fool:
But know, ye Fair, a Point conceal'd with Art,
The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* are but a Woman's Heart:
The *Graces* ſtand in ſight; a *Satyr* Train
Peep o'er their Heads, and laugh behind the Scene.

In

In *Fame*'s fair *Temple*, o'er the boldeſt Wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred *Virgil* ſits,
And ſits in Meaſures, ſuch as *Virgil*'s Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate Reed with thee,
Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he,
While ſome old *Damon*, o'er the Vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize.
Rapt with the Thought my *Fancy* ſeeks the Plains,
And turns me Shepherd while I hear the Strains.
Indulgent Nurſe of ev'ry tender Gale,
Parent of Flowrets, old *Arcadia*, hail!
Here in the Cool my Limbs at Eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy Poplars whiſper o'er my Head,
Still ſlide thy Waters ſoft among the Trees,
Thy Aſpins quiver in a breathing Breeze,
Smile all thy Vallies in eternal Spring,
Be huſh'd, ye Winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* ſing.

In *Engliſh* Lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy *Homer* warms with all his antient Heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry Senſe of great Delight.
Long has that *Poet* reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant Throne;
In all the Majeſty of *Greek* retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty Name admir'd,
His Language failing, wrapp'd him round with Night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the Work to Light.
So wealthy Mines, that Ages long before
Fed the large Realms around with Golden Oar,
When choak'd by ſinking Banks, no more appear,
And Shepherds only ſay, *The Mines were here:*
Shou'd ſome rich Youth (if Nature warm his Heart,
And all his Projects ſtand inform'd with Art)
Here clear the Caves, there ope the leading Vein;
The Mines detected flame with Gold again.

How

How vaſt, how copious are thy new Deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſick varies in thy Lines!
Still as I read, I feel my Boſom beat,
And riſe in Raptures by another's Heat.
Thus in the Wood, when Summer dreſs'd the Days,
When *Windſor* lent us tuneful Hours of Eaſe,
Our Ears the Lark, the Thruſh, the Turtle bleſt,
And *Philomela* ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The Shades reſound with Song——O ſoftly tread!
While a whole Seaſon warbles round my Head.

This to my Friend—and when a Friend inſpires
My ſilent Harp its Maſter's Hand requires,
Shakes off the Duſt, and makes theſe Rocks reſound,
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile Ground;
Far from the Joys that with my Soul agree,
From Wit, from Learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here Moſs-grown Trees expand the ſmalleſt Leaf,
Here half an Acre's Corn is half a Sheaf,

Here

Here Hills with naked Heads the Tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their Side, and Torrents at their Feet,
Or lazy Lakes unconſcious of a Flood,
Whoſe dull brown *Naiads* ever ſleep in Mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and Learned Eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe,
Ev'n here I ſing, while *Pope* ſupplies the Theme,
Show my own Love, tho' not increaſe his Fame.

Part of the Firſt Canto of the Rape of the Lock.

AND now unveil'd, the *Toilet* ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtick Order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With Head uncover'd, the *Coſmetick* Pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the Glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her Eyes ſhe rears:
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her Altar's Side,
Trembling, begins the ſacred Rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd Treaſures ope at once, and here
The various Off'rings of the World appear;

From

A Translation *of Part of the Firſt Canto of the* Rape of the Lock, *into Leonine Verſe, after the Manner of the ancient Monks.*

ET nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, ſe purgat candida Nympha;
Jamque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans,
Inferior claram *Pythoniſſa* apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque Superbia! lautè,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.

From each ſhe nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring Spoil.
This Caſket *India*'s glowing Gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder Box.
The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here Files of Pins extend their ſhining Rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms,
The Fair each Moment riſes in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;
Sees by Degrees a purer Bluſh ariſe,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The buſy *Sylphs* ſurround their darling Care;
Theſe ſet the Head, and thoſe divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown,
And *Betty*'s prais'd for Labours not her own.

HEALTH:

Pyxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic *India* tota,
Et tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat *Arabia* ciſtâ;
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet & mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, & epiſtola ſuavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant *Lemures* muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
Et tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidiſſima *Letty!*
Gloria factorum temeré conceditur horum.

HEALTH:

An ECLOGUE.

NOW early Shepherds o'er the Meadow paſs,
And print long Footſteps in the glitt'ring Graſs;
The Cows neglectful of their Paſture ſtand,
By Turns obſequious to the Milker's Hand.

When *Damon* ſoftly trod the ſhaven Lawn,
Damon, a Youth from City Cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing Walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd Arbour clos'd the diſtant View;

There

There reſts the *Youth*, and while the feather'd Throng
Raiſe their wild Muſick, thus contrives a Song.

Here wafted o'er by mild *Eteſian* Air,
Thou Country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health!* repair;
Here let my Breaſt thro' quiv'ring Trees inhale
Thy roſy Bleſſings with the Morning Gale,
What are the Fields, or Flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The Face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat Green refreſhing Breezes run,
The ſmiling Dazies blow beneath the Sun,
The Brooks run purling down with ſilver Waves,
The planted Lanes rejoice with dancing Leaves,
The chirping Birds from all the Compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful Echoes of the Grove:
High ſunny Summits, deeply ſhaded Dales,
Thick moſſy Banks, and flow'ry winding Vales,

With various Proſpect gratify the Sight,
And ſcatter fix'd Attention in Delight.

Come, Country *Goddeſs*, come; nor thou ſuf-
fice,
But bring thy Mountain-ſiſter, *Exerciſe.*
Call'd by thy lively Voice, ſhe turns her Pace,
Her winding Horn proclaims the finiſh'd Chace;
She mounts the Rocks, ſhe ſkims the level Plain,
Dogs, Hawks, and Horſes, crowd her early Train;
Her hardy Face repels the tanning Wind,
And Lines and Meſhes looſely float behind,
All theſe as Means of Toil the Feeble ſee,
But theſe are Helps to Pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lie ſoft'ning till high Noon in Down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſult'ry Town,
Unnerv'd with Reſt; and turn her own Diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious Eaſe;

I mount

I mount the Courſer, call the deep-mouth'd
Hounds,
The Fox unkennell'd flies to covert Grounds;
I lead where Stags thro' tangled Thickets tread,
And ſhake the Saplings with their branching Head;
I make the Faulcons wing their airy Way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their Prey;
To ſnare the Fiſh I fix the luring Bait;
To wound the Fowl I load the Gun with Fate.
'Tis thus thro' Change of Exerciſe I range,
And Strength and Pleaſure riſe from ev'ry Change.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural Song,
And bring thy Daughter, calm *Content*, along,
Dame of the ruddy Cheek and laughing Eye,
From whoſe bright Preſence Clouds of Sorrow
fly:

For

For her I mow my Walks, I platt my Bow'rs,
Clip my low Hedges, and ſupport my Flow'rs;
To welcome her this Summer Seat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from Exerciſe to learned Eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the Change to pleaſe.

Now Friends converſing my ſoft Hours refine,
And *Tully*'s *Tuſculum* revives in mine:
Now to grave Books I bid the Mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather Good than Great.
Or o'er the Works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
Where Flutes and Innocence amuſe the Grove:
The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* Plains
Firſt ſung the lowly Manners of the Swains;
Or *Maro*'s Muſe, that in the faireſt Light
Paints rural Proſpects and the Charms of Sight.

Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of Sorrow, turns to *Song*.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

The FLIES:

An ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the River Cows for Coolneſs ſtand,
And Sheep for Breezes ſeek the lofty Land,
A Youth (whom *Æſop* taught that ev'ry Tree,
Each Bird and Inſect ſpoke as well as he:)
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhaded Way
Where flow'ring Hawthorn broke the ſunny Ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral Pen to draw
A Scene that obvious in the Field he ſaw.

Near

Near a low Ditch, where ſhallow Waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid Feet,
Whoſe *Naiads* never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with Hedges ſlumber out the Day,
There ſtands a ſlender Fern's aſpiring Shade,
Whoſe anſw'ring Branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſw'ring Boughs, and proudly riſe
Three Stories upward, in the nether Skies.

For Shelter here, to ſhun the Noon-day Heat,
An airy Nation of the *Flies* retreat;
Some in ſoft Air their ſilken Pinions ply,
And ſome from Bough to Bough delighted fly,
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing Murmur hums along the Plain.
So, when a Stage invites to pageant Shows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the *Beaux*;
In Boxes ſome with ſpruce Pretenſion ſit,
Some change from Seat to Seat within the Pit,

Some

Some roam the Scenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding Muſick fills the lofty Dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
Deſerves Attention) rais'd the rural Lay.

Where late *Amintor* made a Nymph a Bride,
Joyful I flew by young *Favonia*'s Side,
Who, mindleſs of the Feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy Pleaſure of the Shepherd's Lip.
I ſaw the Wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in the Cup;
'Till bruſh'd by careleſs Hands ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, Beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender Love.

Thus ends the Youth, the buzzing Meadow rung,
And thus the Rival of his Muſick ſung.

When

When Suns by thouſands ſhone in Orbs of Dew
I wafted ſoft with *Zephyretta* flew;
Saw the clean Pail, and ſought the milky Chear,
While little *Daphne* ſeiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the Dame,
Yet ſat indulging as the Danger came,
But the kind Huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye *Lovers*, guard a Miſtreſs more.

Thus from the Fern, whoſe high-projecting Arms
The fleeting Nation bent with duſky Swarms,
The *Swains* their Love in eaſy Muſick breathe,
When Tongues and Tumult ſtun the Field beneath.
Black *Ants* in Teams come dark'ning all the Road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the Load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant Pains,
Preſs'd by the cumb'rous Weight of ſingle Grains.

The Flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with Wonder down:
The buſy *Burghers* reach their earthy Town;
Where lay the Burthens of a wint'ry Store,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave *Sage* a Moment's Space attends,
And the ſmall City's loftieſt Point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt Dew that trickles down his Face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt Grace.

Ye fooliſh *Nurſlings* of the Summer Air,
Theſe gentle Tunes and whining Songs forbear;
Your *Trees* and whiſp'ring *Breeze*, your *Grove* and *Love*,
Your *Cupid*'s Quiver, and his Mother's Dove:
Let Bards to Buſineſs bend their vig'rous Wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the Flourets of the Seaſon fail,
And this your fenny Shade forſakes the Vale,

Tho'

Tho' one would ſave ye, not one Grain of Wheat
Shou'd pay ſuch Songſters idling at my Gate.

He ceas'd: The Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the *May'r's Speech*, and fell to ſing again.

AN

ELEGY,

To an OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor Nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in Cream and Frontlets all the Night,
Your Face with Patches ſoil, with Paint repair,
Dreſs with gay Gowns, and ſhade with foreign Hair.
If Truth in ſpight of Manners muſt be told,
Why really *Fifty-Five* is ſomething old.

Once

Once you were young; or one, whoſe Life's ſo
long
She might have born my Mother, tells me wrong.
And once (ſince Envy's dead before you die,)
The Women own you play'd a ſparkling Eye,
Taught the light Foot a modiſh little Trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple Lip———

To ſome new Charmer are the Roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy Cheek with red;
Youth calls the *Graces* there to fix their Reign,
And *Airs* by thouſands fill their eaſy Train.
So parting Summer bids her flow'ry Prime
Attend the Sun to dreſs ſome foreign Clime,
While with'ring Seaſons in Succeſſion, here,
Strip the gay Gardens, and deform the Year.

But thou (ſince Nature bids) the World reſign,
'Tis now thy Daughter's Daughter's Time to ſhine.

With more Addreſs, (or ſuch as pleaſes more)
She runs her Female Exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the Fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the Creature Man.
With quicker Life, as gilded Coaches paſs,
In ſideling Courteſy ſhe drops the Glaſs.
With better Strength, on Viſit-days, ſhe bears
To mount her fifty Flights of ample Stairs.
Her Mein, her Shape, her Temper, Eyes and Tongue
Are ſure to conquer,—for the Rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty *Fanny*'s Way.

Let Time, that makes you homely, make you ſage;
The Sphere of Wiſdom is the Sphere of Age.
'Tis true, when Beauty dawns with early Fire,
And hears the flatt'ring Tongues of ſoft Deſire,
If not from Virtue, from its graveſt Ways
The Soul with pleaſing Avocation ſtrays.

But

But Beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As Harpers better, by the Loſs of Eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving Airs,
Haunt leſs the Plays, and more the publick Pray'rs,
Reject the *Mechlin* Head, and gold Brocade,
Go pray, in ſober *Norwich* Crape array'd.
Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
(Their trembling Luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake;)
Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs Incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young;
And view the *Shade* and *Subſtance* as you paſs
With joint Endeavour trifling at the Glaſs,
Or *Folly* dreſt, and rambling all her Days,
To meet her Counterpart, and grow by *Praiſe:*
Yet ſtill ſedate yourſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the Vain.

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare)
The wiſe *Athenian* croſt a glitt'ring Fair,
Unmov'd by Tongues and Sights, he walk'd the Place,
Thro' Tape, Toys, Tinſel, Gimp, Perfume, and Lace;
Then bends from *Mars's Hill* his awful Eyes,
And *What a World I never want?* he cries;
But cries unheard: For *Folly* will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy Crowd, and He;
As careleſs he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in *Wiſdom*, and they whirl'd by *Whim*.

THE

BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy, we'll hunt to-day
The *Book-Worm*, rav'ning Beaſt of Prey,
Produc'd by Parent *Earth*, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the *Gods*.
Him frantick Hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand Authors Lives:
Thro' all the Fields of Wit he flies;
Dreadful his Head with cluſt'ring Eyes,
With Horns without, and Tuſks within,
And Scales to ſerve him for a Skin.

Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the Bards of antient Time,
Or down the Vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern Wretch below;
On ev'ry Corner fix thine Eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.

See where his Teeth a Paſſage eat;
We'll rouſe him from the deep Retreat,
But who the Shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis Sacred *Virgil*, as I live!
From Leaf to Leaf, from Song to Song
He draws the tadpole Form along,
He mounts the gilded Edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the Cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.

Inſatiate *Brute*, whoſe Teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt Servants of the *Muſe*.

(Nay

(Nay never offer to deny,——
I took thee in the Fact to fly.)
His *Roſes* nipt in ev'ry Page,
My poor *Anacreon* mourns thy Rage.
By thee my *Ovid* wounded lies;
By thee my *Leſbia*'s *Sparrow* dies:
Thy rabid Teeth have half deſtroy'd
The Work of Love in *Biddy Floyd*,
They rent *Belinda*'s Locks away,
And ſpoil'd the *Blouzelind* of *Gay*.
For all, for ev'ry ſingle Deed,
Relentleſs *Juſtice* bids thee bleed,
Then fall a *Victim* to the *Nine*,
Myſelf the *Prieſt*, my Deſk the *Shrine*.

Bring *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo* near,
To pile a ſacred Altar here;
Hold, Boy, thy Hand out-run thy Wit,
You reach'd the Plays that *D*——*s* writ;

You

You reach'd me *Ph*———*s* ruſtick Strain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the Victim,—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous Eyes
This venerable Duſt I lay,
From *Manuſcripts* juſt ſwept away.

The Goblet in my Hand I take,
(For the Libation's yet to make)
A Health to Poets! all their Days
May they have Bread, as well as Praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In Papers fill'd with Party-Rage.
But if their Riches ſpoil their Vein,
Ye *Muſes*, make them poor again.

Now bring the Weapon, yonder Blade,
With which my tuneful Pens are made.

I ſtrike the Scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the Wound;
The ſacred Altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the Son of *Jove* I ſtand,
This *Hydra* ſtretch'd beneath my Hand!
Lay bare the Monſter's Entrails here,
To ſee what Dangers threat the Year:
Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a Wench?
What lean Tranſlations out of *French?*
'Tis plain, this Lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints before the Months go round.

But hold, before I cloſe the Scene,
The ſacred Altar ſhou'd be clean.
Oh had I *Sh*———*ll*'s Second Bays,
Or *T*———! thy pert and humble Lays!

(Ye

(Ye Pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your Works 'till now)
I'd tear the Leaves to wipe the Shrine,
(That only Way you pleaſe the *Nine*)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the Songs of *D*———*y* do.

Rent from the Corps, on yonder Pin,
I hang the Scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my ſtudious Morning Gown,
And write my own *Inſcription* down.

'This *Trophy* from the *Python* won,
'This *Robe*, in which the Deed was done,
'Theſe, *Parnell*, glorying in the Feat,
'Hung on theſe Shelves, the *Muſes* Seat.
'Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* found
'Large Realms of Wit to ravage round;

'Here

‘ Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* fell;
‘ Two Foes in one I ſent to Hell.
‘ Ye *Poets*, who my Labours ſee,
‘ Come ſhare the Triumph all with me!
‘ Ye *Criticks!* born to vex the *Muſe*,
‘ Go mourn the *Grand Ally* you loſe.

An ALLEGORY *on* MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and ſpare,
Our Race of Mortals call him *Care:*
(Were *Homer* living, well he knew
What Name the Gods have call'd him too)
With fine Mechanick Genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being, by a Model bred
In *Jove*'s eternal ſable Head,
Contriv'd a Shape impow'r'd to breathe,
And be the *Worldling* here beneath.

The *Man* roſe ſtaring, like a Stake;
Wond'ring to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The Bus'neſs he was made to do;
That pleas'd to ſee with what a Grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward Face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An *Under-ſomething* of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty *Nod*,
Which ever binds a *Poet's God*:
(For which his Curls ambroſial ſhake,
And Mother *Earth*'s oblig'd to quake:)
He ſaw old Mother *Earth* ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his Eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A Caſtle for a Crown before,
Nor with long Streets and longer Roads
Dangling behind her, like Commodes:

As yet with Wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a Landſkip-painted Veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd (as *Ovid* ſaid)
And thrice ſhe bow'd, her weighty Head.

Her Honours made, Great *Jove*, ſhe cry'd,
This *Thing* was faſhion'd from my Side;
His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?

Nay rather aſk, the *Monarch* ſaid,
What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy Part's an idle Shape of Clay.

Halves, more than Halves! cry'd honeſt *Care*,
Your Pleas wou'd make your Titles fair,
You claim the Body, You the Soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus

Thus with the Gods Debate began,
On ſuch a trivial Cauſe, as *Man.*
And can Celeſtial Tempers rage?
(Quoth *Virgil* in a later.)

As thus they wrangled, *Time* came by;
(There's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the Fabling *Ancients* ſung
Makes *Saturn* old, when *Time* was young.)
As yet his Winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver Honours on his Head;
He juſt had got his Pinions free
From his old Sire *Eternity.*
A Serpent girdled round he wore,
The Tail within the Mouth before;
By which our *Almanacks* are clear
That learned *Ægypt* meant the Year.
A Staff he carry'd, where on high
A Glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,

As Amber Boxes made a Show
For Heads of Canes an Age ago.
His Veſt, for Day, and Night, was py'd;
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side;
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn;
The other Seaſons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him *Umpire* of the Cauſe.
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,
(Where ſince his *Hours* a *Dial* made;)
Then leaning heard the nice Debate,
And thus pronounc'd the Words of *Fate.*

Since *Body* from the Parent *Earth*,
And *Soul* from *Jove* receiv'd a Birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their *Union* makes the *Man*,
'Till *Jove* and *Earth* ſhall part theſe two,
To *Care*, who join'd them, *Man* is due.

He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift Career
To trace a Circle for the Year:
Where ever ſince the *Seaſons* wheel,
And tread on one another's Heel.

'Tis well, ſaid *Jove*; and for Conſent
Thund'ring he ſhook the Firmament.
Our Umpire *Time* ſhall have his Way,
With *Care* I let the Creature ſtay,
Let Bus'neſs vex him, Av'rice blind,
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,
Let Error act, Opinion ſpeak,
And Want afflict, and Sickneſs break,
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
And Joy diſtract, and Sorrow kill.
'Till arm'd by *Care*, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive Blow;

And waſted *Man*, whoſe quick Decay
Comes hurrying on before his Day,
Shall only find by this Decree,
The *Soul* flies ſooner back to *Me*.

An Imitation of ſome FRENCH *Verſes.*

RElentleſs *Time!* deſtroying Power
Whom Stone and Braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to ev'ry flying Hour
To work ſome new Decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret Saps prevail,
And ruin Man, a nice Machine,
By Nature form'd to fail.

My Change arrives; the Change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh,
My *Spring*, my Years of Pleaſure fleet,
And all their Beauties die.
In *Age* I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful Gain,
Grave *Wiſdom* ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with Loads of Pain.
My Ignorance cou'd once beguile,
And fancy'd Joys inſpire;
My Errors cheriſh'd *Hope* to ſmile
On newly-born *Deſire*.
But now Experience ſhews, the Bliſs
For which I fondly ſought,
Not worth the long impatient Wiſh,
And Ardour of the Thought.
My Youth met *Fortune* fair array'd,
(In all her Pomp ſhe ſhone)
And might, perhaps, have well eſſay'd
To make her Gifts my own:

But when I ſaw the Bleſſings ſhow'r
On ſome unworthy Mind,
I left the Chace, and own'd the *Pow'r*
Was juſtly painted blind.
I paſs'd the Glories which adorn
The ſplendid Courts of Kings,
And while the Perſons mov'd my Scorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the Things.
My Manhood felt a vig'rous Fire,
By Love increas'd the more;
But Years with coming Years conſpire
To break the Chains I wore.
In Weakneſs ſafe, the *Sex* I ſee
With idle Luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their Joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?
But hold——I feel my *Gout* decreaſe,
My Troubles laid to Reſt;
And Truths, which wou'd diſturb my Peace,
Are painful Truths at beſt.

Vainly the Time I have to roll
In ſad Reflection flies;
Ye fondling Paſſions of my Soul!
Ye ſweet Deceits! ariſe.
I wiſely change the Scene within,
To Things that us'd to pleaſe;
In *Pain*, *Philoſophy* is *Spleen*,
In *Health*, 'tis only *Eaſe*.

A NIGHT-PIECE *on* DEATH.

BY the blue Taper's trembling Light,
No more I waſte the wakeful Night,
Intent with endleſs View to pore
The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er:
Their Books from Wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt Way.
I'll ſeek a readier Path, and go
Where Wiſdom's ſurely taught *below.*

How deep yon Azure dyes the Sky!
Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lie,

While

While thro' their Ranks in ſilver Pride
The nether Creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
The Lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled Show,
Deſcends to meet our Eyes below.
The Grounds which on the Right aſpire,
In Dimneſs from the View retire:
The Left preſents a Place of Graves,
Whoſe Wall the ſilent Water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful Sight
Among the livid Gleams of Night.
There paſs with melancholy State,
By all the ſolemn Heaps of Fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable Dead,
Time was, like thee they Life poſſeſt,
And Time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe Graves with bending Oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glancing Thought diſcloſe
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chiſſel's ſlender Help to Fame,
(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe Dead in vaulted Arches lie,
Whoſe Pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
Theſe (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praiſe the *Great*;
Who while on Earth in Fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the Fame they give.

Ha!

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting Earth unveils the Shades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapp'd with Shrouds,
They riſe in viſionary Crouds,
And all with ſober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel-Houſe with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye Ravens, ceaſe your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time reſound
O'er the long Lake and midnight Ground)
It ſends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the Bones.

When Men my Scythe and Darts ſupply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!

They

They view me like the laſt of Things:
They make, and then they dread, my Stings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your Fears,
No more my Spectre-Form appears.
Death's but a Path that muſt be trod,
If Man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A Port of Calms, a State of Eaſe
From the rough Rage of ſwelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing ſable Stoles,
Deep pendent Cypreſs, mourning Poles,
Looſe Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
Long Palls, drawn Herſes, cover'd Steeds,
And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
Nor wants the Soul, theſe Forms of Woe:
As Men who long in Priſon dwell,
With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,

Whene'er

Whene'er their ſuff'ring Years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun:
Such Joy, tho' far tranſcending Senſe,
Have pious Souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the Body plac'd,
A few, and evil Years they waſte:
But when their Chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad Wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

A

HYMN

TO

CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, laſting Peace of Mind!
Sweet Delight of Human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
With more of Happineſs below
Than Victors in a Triumph know!

Whither,

Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented Head!
What happy Region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the Seat of Calms and Eaſe?

Ambition ſearches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
Increaſing Avarice would find
Thy Preſence in its Gold inſhrin'd.
The bold Advent'rer ploughs his Way,
Thro' Rocks amidſt the foaming Sea,
To gain thy Love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
The ſilent Heart which Grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the Vales,
Sees Daiſies open, Rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing Thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the Nurſe of Woe.

No

No real Happineſs is found
In trailing Purple o'er the Ground:
Or in a Soul exalted high,
To range the Circuit of the Sky,
Converſe with Stars above, and know
All Nature in its Forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And Doubts at laſt for Knowledge riſe.

Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This World itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſs'd,
And Man contains it in his Breaſt.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I ſtood,
I ſung my Wiſhes to the Wood,
And loſt in Thought, no more perceiv'd
The Branches whiſper as they wav'd:

It ſeem'd, as all the quiet Place
Confeſs'd the Preſence of the Grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke——Go, rule thy Will,
Bid thy wild Paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy Heart to know
The Joys which from Religion flow:
Then ev'ry Grace ſhall prove its Gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder moſſy Seat,
In my Hours of ſweet Retreat;
Might I thus my Soul employ,
With Senſe of Gratitude and Joy:
Rais'd as ancient Prophets were,
In heav'nly Viſion, Praiſe, and Pray'r;
Pleaſing all Men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight;

While

While ſilver Waters glide along,
To pleaſe my Ear, and court my Song:
I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
And Thee, *Great Source of Nature*, ſing.

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day;
The Moon that ſhines with borrow'd Light;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night;
The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves;
The Wood that ſpreads its ſhady Leaves;
The Field whoſe Ears conceal the Grain,
The yellow Treaſure of the Plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the Tongue of Man.

Go, ſearch among your idle Dreams,
Your *buſy* or your *vain* Extreams;
And find a Life of equal Bliſs,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

The

The HERMIT.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to publick View,
From Youth to Age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
The Moſs his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the cryſtal Well:
Remote from Man, with God he paſs'd the Days,
Pray'r all his Bus'neſs, all his Pleaſure Praiſe.

A Life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene Repoſe,
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, 'till one Suggeſtion roſe;
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This ſprung ſome Doubt of Providence's Sway:

His Hopes no more a certain Proſpect boaſt,
And all the Tenour of his Soul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth Expanſe receives impreſt
Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breaſt,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with anſw'ring Colours glow;
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side,
And glimm'ring Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Diſorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books, or Swains, report it right;
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whoſe Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before;

Then

Then with the Sun a riſing Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was waſted in the pathleſs Graſs,
And long and loneſome was the Wild to paſs;
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came poſting o'er a croſſing Way;
His Rayment decent, his Complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father, Hail! he cry'd;
And Hail, my Son! the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd Words, from Queſtion Anſwer flow'd,
And Talk of various Kind deceiv'd the Road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
Thus ſtands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy claſps an Elm around.

Now ſunk the Sun; the cloſing Hour of Day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in Silence bid the World repoſe:
When near the Road a ſtately Palace roſe:
There by the Moon through Ranks of Trees they paſs,
Whoſe Verdure crown'd their ſloping Sides of Graſs.
It chanc'd the noble Maſter of the Dome
Still made his Houſe the wand'ring Stranger's Home:
Yet ſtill the Kindneſs, from a Thirſt of Praiſe,
Prov'd the vain Flouriſh of expenſive Eaſe.
The Pair arrive: the Liv'ry'd Servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate.
The Table groans with coſtly Piles of Food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to Reſt, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day
Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Freſh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring Wood to baniſh Sleep.
Up riſe the Gueſts, obedient to the Call,
An early Banquet deck'd the ſplendid Hall;
Rich luſcious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
Which the kind Maſter forc'd the Gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go;
And, but the Landlord, none had Cauſe of Woe;
His *Cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret Guiſe
The younger Gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring Prize.

As one who ſpies a Serpent in his Way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the Summer Ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintneſs on, and looks with Fear:

So

So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the Road,
The ſhining Spoil his wiley Partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous Actions meet a baſe Reward.

While thus they paſs, the Sun his Glory ſhrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their ſable Clouds;
A Sound in Air preſag'd approaching Rain,
And Beaſts to Covert ſcud a-croſs the Plain.
Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To ſeek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
'Twas built with Turrets, on a riſing Ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Deſert there.

As near the *Miſer*'s heavy Doors they drew,
Fierce riſing Guſts with ſudden Fury blew;
The nimble Light'ning mix'd with Show'rs began,
And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
At length ſome Pity warm'd the Maſter's Breaſt,
('Twas then his Threſhold firſt receiv'd a Gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
And half he welcome's in the ſhiv'ring Pair;
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
And Nature's Fervour through their Limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt Sort, with eager Wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the Tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With ſtill Remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one ſo rich, a Life ſo poor and rude;

And

And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt Wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new Marks of Wonder ſoon took Place,
In ev'ry ſettling Feature of his Face!
When from his Veſt the young Companion bore
That *Cup*, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious Bowl
The ſtinted Kindneſs of this churliſh Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumult fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky;
A freſher green the ſmelling Leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day:
The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
And the glad Maſter bolts the wary Gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim*'s Boſom wrought
With all the Travel of uncertain Thought;

His

His Partner's Acts without their Cauſe appear,
'Twas there a Vice, and ſeem'd a Madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky;
Again the Wand'rers want a Place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a Lodging nigh.
The Soil improv'd around, the Manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its Maſter's Turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praiſe, but Virtue kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then bleſs the Manſion, and the Maſter greet:
Their Greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt Guiſe,
The courteous Maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a Part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly Cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome Table ſpread,
Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed,
When the grave Houſhold round his Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and cloſe the Hours with Pray'r.

At length the World renew'd by calm Repoſe
Was ſtrong for Toil, the dappled Morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant ſlept,
And writh'd his Neck: the Landlord's little Pride,
O ſtrange Return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors! what! his only Son!
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done?

Not

Not Hell, though Hell's black Jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more aſſault his
Heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth purſues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant ſhow'd the Way:
A River croſs'd the Path; the Paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the Servant trod before;
Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a Time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his Head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the Dead.

Wild, ſparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,
He burſts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,

Deteſted Wretch!——But ſcarce his Speech began,
When the ſtrange Partner ſeem'd no longer Man:
His youthful Face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet;
Fair Rounds of Radiant Points inveſt his Hair;
Celeſtial Odours breathe through purpled Air;
And Wings, whoſe Colours glitter'd on the Day,
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes diſplay.
The Form etherial burſts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majeſty of Light.

Though loud at firſt the Pilgrim's Paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret Chains his Words ſuſpends,
And in a Calm his ſettling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Muſick raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy

Thy Pray'r, thy Praiſe, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In ſweet Memorial riſe before the Throne:
Theſe Charms, Succeſs in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy Mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the Sky:
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy Fellow-Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government divine,
And let theſe Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond Means to work his Ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,

Your Actions uſes, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be ſtill.

What ſtrange Events can ſtrike with more Surprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring Eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty Juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt;

The *Great*, *Vain Man*, who far'd on coſtly Food,
Whoſe Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his Gueſts to Morning Draughts of Wine,
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceleſs Cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of Coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious *Wretch*, whoſe bolted Door,
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;

With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if Mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compaſſion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artiſts melt the ſullen Oar of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from Droſs, the Silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God:
(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And meaſur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Exceſſes had his Dotage run?
But God, to ſave the Father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in Fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my Miniſtry to deal the Blow.)

The poor fond Parent, humbled in the Duſt
Now owns in Tears the Puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that falſe *Servant* ſped in Safety back?
This Night his treaſur'd Heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!

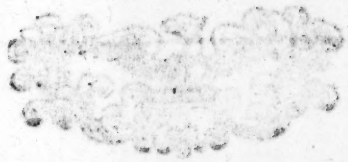
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy Mind: This Trial o'er,
Depart in Peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding Pinions here the Youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when to mount on high
His Maſter took the Chariot of the Sky;
The fiery Pomp aſcending left the View;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient Place,
And paſs'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

F I N I S.



VISIONS,

Publiſh'd in the

SPECTATORS, &c.

By the Same Hand.

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Printing in the

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VISION I.

SPECTATOR, N° 460.

Decipimur Specie Recti —— HOR.

OUR Defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are ſo far from being known to us, that they paſs for Demonſtrations of our Worth. This makes us eaſy in the midſt of them, fond to ſhew them, fond to improve in them, and to be eſteemed for them. Thence it is that a thouſand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions muſt afford us Pleaſures, and diſplay us to others in the Colours which we ourſelves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is ſomething ſo amuſing for the Time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiſer World has choſen an exalted Word to deſcribe its Enchantments, and called it *The Paradiſe of Fools.*

Perhaps

Perhaps the latter Part of this Reflection may ſeem a falſe Thought to ſome, and bear another Turn than what I have given; but it is at preſent none of my Buſineſs to look after it, who am going to confeſs that I have been lately amongſt them in a Viſion.

Methought I was tranſported to a Hill, green, flowery, and of an eaſy Aſcent. Upon the broad Top of it reſided ſquint-eyed *Errour*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themſelves. To theſe repaired a Multitude from every Side, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some, who had the moſt aſſuming Air, went directly of themſelves to *Errour*, without expecting a Conductor; others of a ſofter Nature went firſt to popular *Opinion*, from whence, as ſhe influenced and ingaged them with their own Praiſes, ſhe delivered them over to his Government.

When we had aſcended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining ſeveral who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleaſing; ſhe breathed Odours as ſhe ſpoke; She ſeemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of ſomething that was valuable in himſelf, and expected a Paradiſe which ſhe promiſed as the Re-

Reward of his Merit. Thus we were drawn to follow her, 'till ſhe ſhould bring us where it was to be beſtowed: And it was obſervable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praiſing themſelves in their Qualifications, or one another for thoſe Qualifications which they took to be conſpicuous in their own Characters, or diſpraiſing others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At laſt we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Errour* was ſeated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he ſat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was diguiſed in a whitiſh Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Reſemblance to *Truth*: And as ſhe has a Light whereby ſhe manifeſts the Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, ſo he had provided himſelf with a magical Wand, that he might do ſomething in Imitation of it, and pleaſe with Deluſions. This he lifted ſolemnly, and muttering to himſelf, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment, to appear before us. Immediately we caſt our Eyes on that Part of the Sky to which he pointed, and obſerved a thin blue Proſpect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Miſts go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The

The Foundation hardly ſeemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it ſtood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we aſcended was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went, the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senſes. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the loweſt Set of Pillars were of the ſlight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded bore ſo far the Reſemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter, nor waited 'till one ſhould appear; every one thought his Merits a ſufficient Paſſport, and preſſed forward. In the Hall we met with ſeveral Phantoms, that rov'd amongſt us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreaſing *Honour*, that had nothing to ſhew in but an old Coat of his Anceſtor's Atchievements; There was *Oſtentation*, that made himſelf his own conſtant Subject, and *Gallantry* ſtrutting upon his Tip-toes. At the upper End of the Hall ſtood a Throne, whoſe Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gaiety could contrive to laviſh on it; and between the gilded Arms ſat *Vanity*, deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who ſtood beſide her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was

was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Caſt inwards, to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made uſe of for Conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a Deſign. The Arrow which he ſhot at the Soldier, was fledg'd from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed againſt the Man of Wit, was winged from the Quills he writ with; and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treaſuries: He made Nets for Stateſmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to inflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne ſat three falſe Graces. *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practiſe at, and *Faſhion* ever changing the Poſture of her Cloaths. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the Conqueſts which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Polities. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complexions to all Things; *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar; and *Faſhion* both concealed ſome home Defects, and added ſome foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Errour*, fir'd by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courſes of *Vanity*, 'till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. Theſe Expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general Diſorder, till at laſt there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man, decent and reſolute, was led forward to be puniſhed for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have ſpoken in his own Defence, but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* caſt a ſcornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a *Vizard*, and turned away; *Affectation* toſſed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Faſhion* would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be *Ill-Manners*. Thus ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I had already ſeen the Meaning of moſt Part of that Warning which he had given, and was conſidering how the latter Words ſhould be fulfilled, when a mighty Noiſe was heard

heard without, and the Door was blackned by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were ſeen in the Houſe before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and *Poverty*, brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, diſappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who ſtood near me) either to Priſons or Cellars, Solitude, or little Company, the mean Arts, or the viler Crafts of Life. But theſe, added he, with a diſdainful Air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Luſtre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have ſeen ſuch Scenes as theſe before now; the Glory you ſaw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thank'd him for his Information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook ſome few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now tertified to good Purpoſe by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Threſhold, it was a ſtrange Shock to them to find that the Deluſion of *Errour* was gone, and they plainly diſcerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate Leap remained for us, and I a thouſand

thouſand Times blamed my unmeaning Curioſity that had brought me into ſo much Danger. But as they began to ſink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace ſunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due Point of *Eſteem* which they ought to have for themſelves; ther the Part of the Building in which they ſtood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who ſtayed in the Palace were ſenſible of this Deſcent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occaſion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Conſequences of following the Suggeſtions of *Vanity*.

VISION II.

SPECTATOR N° 501.

HOW are we tortured with the Abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What Excurſions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! and how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the Diſappointment! Our Grief, inſtead of having Recourſe to Reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further Nouriſhment. It calls upon Memory to relate the ſeveral Paſſages and Circumſtances of Satisfactions which we formerly injoyed; the Pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendor of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of

 our

our Friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence, that the Paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a Size as to burſt the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make theſe Circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that Reaſon ſhould become a more equal Match for the Paſſion, or if another Deſire which becomes more preſent did not overpower them with a livelier Repreſentation. Theſe are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Viſion upon this Subject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found myſelf upon a naked Shore, with Company whoſe afflicted Countenances witneſſed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water, deep, ſilent, and called the River of *Tears*, which iſſuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, incompaſſed an Iſland that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and ſhatter'd, having been ſometimes overſet by the Impatience and Haſte of ſingle Paſſengers to arrive at the other Side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our Places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and compoſed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for *Patience*, and

and ſome of thoſe too who 'till then cry'd the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and return'd back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe Good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake Perſons in Trouble) deſired Leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall Comfort or Advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner imbarked but the Boat was puſhed off, the Sheet was ſpread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a Paſſage to the farther Bank, thro' ſeveral Difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeem'd utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the Iſland to be ſtrangely over-caſt with Fogs, which no Brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy Horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy Tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom *Patience* had by this Time gained over, left us here, and privily convey'd themſelves round the Verge of the Iſland to find a Ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining ourſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame Journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a Funeral, thro' bordering Hedges of Roſemary, and through a Grove of

Yew-trees, which love to over-ſhadow Tombs and flouriſh in Church-yards. Here we heard on every Side the Wailings and Complaints of ſeveral of the Inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breaſts, tearing their Hair, or after ſome other Manner viſibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightned by the Influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our Number was wrought up to ſuch a Pitch of Wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a Bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the Path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind Endeavours of our above-mentioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt duſky ſilent Part of the Iſland, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful Whiſtling in the Branches, the Thickneſs of Air which occaſioned faintiſh Reſpiration, and the violent Throbbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approach'd the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, ſunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. Theſe crept ſlow, and half congealed amongſt its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans

Groans that rolled through all the Paſſages. In the moſt retired Part of it ſat the *doleful Being* herſelf; the Path to her was ſtrewed with Goads, Stings, and Thorns; and the Throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a Rock with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Miſt hung above her, her Head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate Subjects, full of herſelf to Stupidity, in eternal Penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt Silence. On one Side of her ſtood *Dejection* juſt dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleneſs* waſting to a Skeleton; on the other Side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguiſh* ſuffering outward *Troubles* to ſuck the Blood from her Heart in the Shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered Lamps, whoſe blueiſh Flames aroſe and ſunk in their Urns, diſcovered to our Eyes with Increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffer'd in the Way, and were given over to thoſe Tormenters that ſtood on either Hand of the Preſence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

With her (whoſe Company was now become more grateful to us by the Want we had found

of her) we winded round the Grotto, and aſcended at the Back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whoſe Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath; and lifting our Eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen Sort of Satisfaction, in obſerving thro' the Shades what Numbers had entered the Iſland. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a Time when we were too much taken up with our own Concern, to have Reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn Eſtate. It had alſo the Groundwork of Humanity and Compaſſion in it, though the Mind was then too deeply ingaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad Occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and ſo by Degrees became tolerable Company.

A conſiderable Part of the troubleſome Road was thus deceived; at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs Oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern Tracts in it

it of a lighter Greyneſs, like the Breakings of Day, ſhort in Duration, much inlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amuſement*. Within a ſhort While theſe Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer Continuance; the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the Air with ſo much Dolefulneſs, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Iſland were abated.

When we had arrived at laſt at the Ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the Shore, to find the Place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the World only at that Time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the Troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters, that rolled on the other Side ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier Matter for us to wade over.

The River being croſſed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us a-

gainſt all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by aſking any Particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a Caſe of ſo much Affliction, we could not have made Choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing ſerene at her Praiſes, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* ſmiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that Side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

VISION III.

GUARDIAN, N° 56.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput? pecudum ſi more pererrant.
Claud.

I Was conſidering laſt Night, when I could not ſleep, how noble a Part of the Creation Man was deſigned to be, and how diſtinguiſhed in all his Actions above other Earthly Creatures. From whence I fell to take a View of the Change and Corruption which he has introduced into his own Condition, the groveling Appetites, the mean Characters of Senſe, and wild Courſes of Paſſions, that caſt him from the Degree in which Providence had placed him, the Debaſing himſelf with Qualifications not his own, and his Degenerating into a lower Sphere of Action. This inſpired me with

with a Mixture of Contempt and Anger; which, however, was not ſo violent as to hinder the Return of Sleep, but grew confuſed as that came upon me, and made me end my Reflections with giving Mankind the opprobrious Names of Inconſiderate, Mad and Fooliſh.

Here methought, where my waking Reaſon left the Subject, my Fancy purſued it in a Dream; and I imagined myſelf in a loud Soliloquy of Paſſion, railing at my Species, and walking hard to get rid of the Company I deſpiſed; when two Men who had over-heard me made up on either hand. Theſe I obſerved had many Features in common, which might occaſion the Miſtake of the one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle; but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that though there was an Air of Severity in each, it was tempered with a natural Sweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the Deſigns of Malice in the other.

I was at a loſs to know the Reaſon of their joining me ſo briſkly, when he whoſe Appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his Companion. Pray, Brother, let him alone, and we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into a Tyger. This ſtruck me with Horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my Diſorder, bid me be of good Courage, for tho'

tho' I had been Savage in my Treatment of Mankind, (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt) he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my Danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my Reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry Brother fling away foom us in a Paſſion for his Diſappointment. Being now left to my Friend, I went back with him at his Deſire, that I might know the Meaning of thoſe Words which ſo affrighted me.

As we went along, To inform you, ſays he, with whom you have this Adventure, my Name is *Reproof* and his *Reproach*, both born of the ſame Mother, but of different Fathers. *Truth* is our common Parent. *Friendſhip*, who ſaw her, fell in Love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after *Enmity* lying in Ambuſh for her, became the Father of him whom you ſaw along with me. The Temper of our Mother inclines us to the ſame ſort of Buſineſs, the informing Mankind of their Faults; but the differing Complexions of our Fathers make us differ in our Deſigns and Company. I have a natural Benevolence in my Mind which engages me with Friends, and he a natural Impetuoſity in his, which caſts him among Enemies.

As

As he thus diſcourſed he came to a Place where there were three Entrances into as many ſeveral Walks, which lay beſide one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain, ſtrait, regular Walk, ſet with Trees, which added to the Beauty of the Place, but did not ſo cloſe their Boughs over head as to exclude the Light from it. Here as we walked I was made to obſerve, how the Road on one hand was full of Rocks and Precipices, over which *Reproach* (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy Wretches; the other Side was all laid out in Gardens of gaudy Tulips, amongſt whoſe Leaves the Serpents wreath'd, and at the End of every graſſy Walk the Enchantreſs *Flattery* was weaving Bowers to lull Souls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle Way, 'till we arrived at a Building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by *Truth* for a Watch-Tower, from whence ſhe took a View of the Earth, and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out *Reproof*, or even *Reproach*, for our Reformation. Over the Door I took Notice that a Face was carved with a Heart upon the Lips of it, and preſently call'd to Mind that this was the Ancients Emblem of *Sincerity*. In the Entrance I met with *Freedom of Speech* and *Complaiſance*, who had for a long Time looked upon one another as Enemies; but *Reproof* has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as Friends

and

and Fellow-Agents in the ſame Family. Before I aſcended up the Stairs, I had my Eyes purified by a Water which made me ſee extremely clear, and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a Pit, from whence (as *Democritus* had reported) they formerly brought up *Truth*, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper Chamber of Proſpect, which was called *The Knowledge of Mankind*; here the Window was no ſooner opened but I perceived the Clouds to roll off and part before me, and a Scene of all the Variety of the World preſented itſelf.

But how different was Mankind in this View, from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very Shape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the Heads of Dogs, others of Apes or Parrots, and in ſhort, where-ever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy Qualities of other Creatures, the Change of his Soul became viſible in his Countenance. The ſtrutting Pride of him who is endued with Brutality inſtead of Courage, made his Face ſhoot out in the Form of a *Horſe's*; his Eyes became prominent, his Noſtrils widened, and his Wig untying flowed down on one Side of his Neck in a waving Mane. The Talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the Ill-nature of Converſation, made them turn into *Aſſemblies of Geeſe*, their Lips hardened into Bills by eternal uſing, they

they gabbled for Diverſion, they hiſs'd in Scandal, and their Ruffles falling back on their Arms, a Succeſſion of little Feathers appeared, which formed Wings for them to flutter with from one Viſit to another. The Envious and Malicious lay on the Ground with the Heads of different Sorts of Serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating Miſchief to others, they ſuck'd the Poiſon of the Earth, ſharpen'd their Tongues to Stings upon the Stones, and roll'd their Trains unperceivably beneath their Habits. The Hypocritical Oppreſſors wore the Faces of Crocodiles, their Mouths were Inſtruments of Cruelty, their Eyes of Deceit; they committed Wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the World; they devoured the Unwary, and wept over the Remains of them. The Covetous had ſo hook'd and worn their Fingers by counting Intereſt upon Intereſt, that they converted to the Claws of Harpies, and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſeem'd unſatisfied with their Acquiſitions. The Sharpers had the Looks of Camelions; they every Minute changed their Appearance, and fed on Swarms of Flies which fell as ſo many Cullies amongſt them. The Bully ſeem'd a Dunghill Cock, he creſted well, and bore his Comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for Triumph; and only the mean Coward prick'd up the Ears

of

of a Hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into Cats, whoſe Pleaſure and Grumbling go together. Fops were Apes in embroider'd Jackets. Flatterers were curl'd Spaniels, fawning and crouching. The Crafty had the Face of a Fox, the Slothful of an Aſs, the Cruel of a Wolf, the Ill-bred of a Bear, the Leachers were Goats, and the Gluttons Swine. Drunkenneſs was the only Vice that did not change the Face of its Profeſſors into that of another Creature; but this I took to be far from a Privilege, for theſe two Reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of itſelf, and becauſe none of the lower Ranks of Beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an Intemperance.

As I was taking a View of theſe Repreſentations of Things, without any more Order than is uſual in a Dream, or in the Confuſion of the World itſelf, I perceived a Concern within me for what I ſaw; my Eyes began to moiſten, and as if the Virtue of that Water with which they were purified was loſt for a Time, by their being touched with that which aroſe from a Paſſion, the Clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either Hand upon the Proſpect. I then turned towards my Guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this Manner. You have ſeen the Condition of Mankind when it deſcends from its Dignity; now therefore guard yourſelf from that

that Degeneracy by a modeſt Greatneſs of Spirit on one ſide, and a conſcious Shame on the other. Endeavour alſo with a Generoſity of Goodneſs to make your Friends aware of it; let them know what Defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the Matter as you ſee Reaſon, either with the Airs of ſevere or humourous Affection; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the Degeneracy in its full proper Colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to ſuch a Day or ſo many Months to turn Bears, Wolves, or Foxes, *&c.* Neither neglect your more remote Acquaintance, where you ſee any worthy and ſuſceptible of Admonition; expoſe the Beaſts whoſe Qualities you ſee them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their Perſons. The Poſſibility of their applying this is very obvious: The *Egyptians* ſaw it ſo clearly, that they made the Pictures of Animals explain their Minds to one another inſtead of Writing; and indeed it is hardly to be miſſed, ſince *Æſop* took them out of their Mute Condition, and taught them to ſpeak for themſelves with relation to the Actions of Mankind.

VISION IV.

GUARDIAN, N° 66.

THERE is a Sett of Mankind, who are wholly imployed in the Ill-natured Office of gathering up a Collection of Stories that leſſen the Reputation of others, and ſpreading them Abroad with a certain Air of Satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent and unmeaning Curioſity, a Deſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a Willingneſs to profit by Reflection upon the Actions of others, may ſometimes afford an Excuſe, or ſometimes a Defence, for Inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is beyond all Excuſe, a Tranſgreſſion againſt Humanity, to carry the Matter further, to tear off the Dreſſings, as I may ſay, from the Wounds of a Friend, and expoſe them to the Air in cruel Fits of Diver-

ſion; and yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an Outrage of an higher Nature, which Mankind is guilty of when they are not content to ſpread the Stories of Folly, Frailty and Vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken Characters that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From ſuch Practices as theſe it happens, that ſome feel a Sorrow, and others are agitated with a Spirit of Revenge; that Scandals or Lies are told, becauſe another has told ſuch before; that Reſentments and Quarrels ariſe, and Injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a Scene of Vengeance.

All this I have often obſerved with abundance of Concern; and having a perfect Deſire to further the Happineſs of Mankind, I lately ſet myſelf to conſider the Cauſes from whence ſuch Evils ariſe, and the Remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut my Eyes to prevent Diſtraction from outward Objects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an Impulſe of Thought, into the *World of Ideas*, where abſtracted Qualities became viſible in ſuch Appearances as were agreeable to each of their Natures.

That part of the Country, where I happened to light, was the moſt noiſy that I had ever known. The Winds whiſtled, the Leaves ruſtled,

led, the Brooks rumbled, the Birds chatter'd, the Tongues of Men were heard, and the Echo mingled ſomething of every Sound in its Repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange Confuſion and Uproar of Sounds about me. At length, as the Noiſe ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a Man habited like a Herald (and as I afterwards underſtood) called *Novelty*, that came forward proclaiming a Solemn Day to be kept at the Houſe of *Common Fame*. Immediately behind him advanced three Nymphs, who had monſtrous Appearances. The Firſt of theſe was *Curioſity*, habited like a Virgin, and having an hundred Ears upon her Head to ſerve in her Enquiries. The Second of theſe was *Talkativeneſs*, a little better grown, ſhe ſeemed to be like a young Wife, and had an hundred Tongues to ſpread her Stories. The Third was *Cenſoriouſneſs*, habited like a Widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred Squinting Eyes of a malignant Influence, which ſo obliquely darted on all around, that it was impoſſible to ſay which of them had brought in the Informations ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing *Common Fame*, when upon her Birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a Crowd, to eſcape the ſearch which *Truth* might have made after her and her Parents. *Curioſity* found her there, *Talkativeneſs* convey'd her away, and *Cenſoriouſneſs* ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe grew to a pro-

digious Size, and obtained an Empire over the Univerſe; wherefore the *Power*, in Gratitude for theſe Services, has ſince advanced them to her higheſt Employments. The next who came forward in this Proceſſion was a light Damſel, called *Credulity*, who carried behind them the Lamp, the Silver Veſſel with a Spout, and other Inſtruments proper for this Solemn Occaſion. She had formerly ſeen theſe three together, and conjecturing from the number of their Ears, Tongues and Eyes, that they might be the proper *Genii* of *Attention*, *Familiar Converſe*, and *Ocular Demonſtration*, ſhe from that time gave herſelf up to attend them. The laſt who followed were ſome who had cloſely muffled themſelves in upper Garments, ſo that I could not diſcern who they were; but juſt as the foremoſt of them was come up, I am glad, ſays ſhe, calling me by my Name, to meet you at this time, ſtay cloſe by me, and take a ſtrict Obſervation of all that paſſes. Her Voice was ſweet and commanding, I thought I had ſomewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the Meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward thro' the *Rookery* of *Rumours*, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the Houſe of *Common Fame*, where a Hecatomb of *Reputations* was that Day to fall for her Pleaſure. The Houſe ſtood upon an Eminence, having

ving a thouſand Paſſages to it, and a thouſand whiſpering Holes for the Conveyance of Sound. The Hall we entered was formed with the Art of a Muſick-Chamber for the Improvement of Noiſes. *Reſt* and *Silence* are baniſhed the Place. *Stories* of different Natures wander in light Flocks all about, ſometimes Truths and Lies, or ſometimes Lies themſelves claſhing againſt one another. In the middle ſtood a Table painted after the manner of the remoteſt *Aſiatick* Countries, upon which the Lamp, the Silver Veſſel, and Cups of a white Earth, were planted in order. Then dried Herbs were brought, collected for the Solemnity in Moonſhine, and Water being put to them, there was a greeniſh Liquor made, to which they added the Flower of Milk, and an Extraction from the Canes of *America*, for performing a Libation to the infernal *Powers* of *Miſchief*. After this, *Curioſity*, retiring to a withdrawing-Room, brought forth the *Victims*, being to Appearance a Sett of ſmall waxen Images, which ſhe laid upon the Table one after another. Immediately *Talkativeneſs* gave each of them the Name of ſome one, whom for the Time they were to repreſent; and *Cenſoriouſneſs* ſtuck them all about with black Pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe ſtuck, ſomething to the Prejudice of the Perſons repreſented. No ſooner were theſe Rites performed, and Incantations uttered, but the Sound of a Speaking Trumpet was heard in the

Air, by which they knew the *Deity* of the Place was propitiated and aſſiſting. Upon this the Sky grew darker, a Storm aroſe, and Murmurs, Sighs, Groans, Cries, and the Words of Grief or Reſentment were heard within it. Thus the three *Sorcereſſes* diſcovered, that they, whoſe Names they had given to the Images, were already affected with what was done to them in Effigie. The Knowledge of this was received with the loudeſt Laughter, and in many Congratulatory Words they applauded one another's Wit and Power.

As Matters were at this high Point of Diſorder, the muffled Lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to indure ſuch barbarous Proceedings, threw off her upper Garment of *Reſerve*, and appeared to be *Truth*. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, the Speaking-Trumpet ceas'd to Sound, the Sky cleared up, the Storm abated, the Noiſes which were heard in it ended, the Laughter of the Company was over, and a ſerene Light, till then unknown to the Place, was diffuſed around it. At this the detected *Sorcereſſes* endeavoured to eſcape in a Cloud which I ſaw began to thicken about them, but it was ſoon diſperſed, their Charms being controled and prevailed over by the ſuperior *Divinity*. For my Part I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what Puniſhments ſhe would inflict upon them.

I fancied it would be proper to cut off *Curioſity*'s Ears, and fix them to the Eaves of the Houſes, to nail the Tongue of *Talkativeneſs* to *Indian* Tables, and to put out the Eyes of *Cenſoriouſneſs* with a Flaſh of her Light. In reſpect of *Credulity* I had indeed ſome little Pity, and had I been judge ſhe might, perhaps, have eſcaped with a hearty Reproof.

But I ſoon found that the diſcerning *Judge* had other Deſigns, ſhe knew them for ſuch as will not be deſtroyed intirely while Mankind is in Being, and yet ought to have a Brand and Puniſhment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore ſhe took a Seat for Judgment, and had the *Criminals* brought forward by *Shame* ever bluſhing, and *Trouble* with a Whip of many Laſhes, two Phantoms who had dogged the *Proceſſion* in Diſguiſe, and waited till they had an Authority from *Truth* to lay Hands upon them. Immediately then ſhe ordered *Curioſity* and *Talkativeneſs* to be fettered together, that the one ſhould never ſuffer the other to reſt, nor the other ever let her remain undiſcovered. Light *Credulity* ſhe linkt to *Shame* at the Tormentor's own Requeſt, who was pleaſed to be thus ſecure that her Priſoner ſhould not eſcape; and this was done partly for her Puniſhment, and partly for her Amendment. *Cenſoriouſneſs* was alſo in like manner begged by *Trouble*, and had her aſſigned for an eternal

Companion. After they were thus chain'd with one another, by the Judge's Order, ſhe drove them from the Preſence to wander for ever thro' the World, with *Novelty* ſtalking before them.

The Cauſe being now over, ſhe retreated from ſight within the Splendor of her own Glory, which leaving the Houſe it had brightned, the Sounds that were proper to the Place began to be as loud and confuſed as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear diſtinguiſhed Appearance of any Objects repreſented to me, I returned from the Excurſion I had made in Fancy.

VISION V.

WHatever Induſtry and Eagerneſs the modern Diſcoverers have ſhewn for the Knowledge of new Countries, there yet remains an ample Field in the Creation to which they are utter Strangers, and which all the Methods of Travelling hitherto invented, will never bring them acquainted with. Of this I can give a very particular Inſtance in an Accident which lately happened to me.

As I was on the 6th of this Inſtant, being *Febr.* 1715, walking with my Eyes caſt upward, I fell into a Reflection on the vaſt Tracts of Air which appeared before me as uninhabited. And wherefore, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhou'd all this Space be created? Can it only be for an odd Bird to fly through, as now and then a Man may paſs a Deſart? Or are there alſo Kingdoms with their particular Polities and Peo-

People of a Species which we know nothing of, ordain'd to live in it?

It was in this Manner I continued my Thought, when my Feet forſook the Level, and I was inſenſibly mounted in the Air, till I arriv'd at a footing as firm and level as what I had left. But with what Surpriſe did I find my ſelf among Creatures diſtinct from us in Shape and Cuſtoms?

The Inhabitants are of a ſmall Stature, below thoſe which Hiſtory deſcribes for Pigmies. The talleſt of them exceed not fourteen or fifteen Inches, and the leaſt are hardly three. This difference proceeds only from their Growth before they are brought to Light; for after we never obſerve them to grow, unleſs it pleaſe their Parents, who have this uncommon Method of enabling them; They recall them to the Womb, where having been for ſome Time, they receive an Addition to their Bulk, then go back to their Houſes, and continue at a Stand as they did before. The Experiment has been often try'd with Succeſs, but ſome have ſuffered extremely by undergoing it.

Their Skins are like the ancient *Britains*, all drawn over with a Variety of Figures. The Colour made uſe of for this end, is generally Black. I have indeed obſerv'd in ſome of the Reli-

Religious, and Lawyers of the Country, Red here and there intermingled, tho' not ſo commonly of late. They tell me too, they often us'd to paint with all Colours; and I viſited two or three of the old Inhabitants, who were adorn'd in that Faſhion: But this is now diſuſed, ſince the new Inventions, by which the uſe of a black Fountain that belongs to that Country, is render'd more uſeful and ſerviceable.

The *Cloaths* in which they go clad, are the Skins of Beaſts, worn by ſome Plain, by others with Figures wrought upon them. Gold is alſo made uſe of by ſome, to beautify their Apparel; but very ſeldom Silver, unleſs, as Buckles are by us, for faſtening the Garment before. I have ſeen ſome of them go like Seamen in thin blue Shirts, others like *Indians* in a party-colour'd looſe kind of Apparel, and others, who they told me were the *Politicians* of the Country, go about ſtark naked.

The Manner of dreſſing them is this: At firſt when they come into the Word, they have a Suit given them, which if it do not fit exactly, is not, as with us, fitted up again, but the Children are in a cruel manner cut and ſqueez'd to bring them to its Proportion. Yet this they ſeem not much to regard, provided their principal Parts are not affected. When the Dreſs is thus ſettled on them, they are clad for Life,

it

it being ſeldom their Cuſtom to alter it, or put it off: In ſhort, they live in it Night and Day, and wear it to Rags rather than part with it, being ſure of the ſame Torture, and a greater Danger if they ſhou'd be dreſs'd a ſecond Time. I have further taken Notice, that they delight to go open Breaſted, moſt of them ſhewing their Boſoms ſpeckled. Some *Lawyers* indeed wear them quite White, perhaps for Diſtinction ſake, or to be known at a Diſtance. But the fineſt Shew is among the Beaux and Ladies, who mightily affect ſomething of Gold, both before and behind them.

Food I never ſaw them eat; they being a People, who, as I obſerved, live in Air: Their *Houſes* are all ſingle and high, having no back Rooms, but frequently ſeven or eight Stories, which are all ſeparate Houſes above one another. They have one Gate to their City, and generally no Doors to their Houſes; tho' I have ſometimes ſeen them have particular Doors, and even made of Glaſs, where the Inhabitants have been obſerv'd to ſtand many Days, that their fine Apparel may be ſeen thro' them. If at any time they lie down, which they do when they come from their Habitations (as if coming Abroad were their greateſt Fatigue) they will lie together in Heaps without receiving Hurt: Though the ſoundeſt Sleep they get, is when they can have Duſt enough to cover them over.

The

The Females amongſt them are but few, nothing being there produced by a Marriage of Sexes. The Males are of a different Strength or Endowment of Parts, ſome having Knowledge in an extream Degree, and others none at all; yet at the ſame Time they are mighty Pretenders to inſtruct others. Their *Names*, (for as many as wou'd diſcover them to me) I obſerv'd to be the very ſame as ours are upon Earth; I met a few who made theirs a Myſtery, but why, I am yet to learn. They are ſo communicative, that they will tell all the Knowledge they boaſt, if a Stranger apply himſelf to their Converſation: And this may be worth his while, if he conſiders that all Languages, Arts, and Sciences, are profeſt amongſt them. I think I may ſay it without Vanity, that I knew a certain *Taliſman*, with proper Figures and Characters inſcrib'd, whereby their greateſt People may be charm'd, brought to reſide with a Man, and ſerve him like a Familiar in the Conduct of Life.

There is no ſuch thing as *fighting* amongſt them, but their Controverſies are determin'd by *Words*, wherein they ſeldom own themſelves conquer'd, yet proceed no further than two or three Replies: Perhaps indeed two others take up their Neighbour's Quarrel, but then they deſiſt too after the ſame Manner; ſometimes however, Blows have enſu'd upon their Account,

count, though not amongſt them: In ſuch a Caſe they have deſcended to inſpire Mankind with their Sentiments, and choſen Champions from among us, in order to decide it.

The Time of their *Life* is very different, ſome dye as ſoon as born, and others in their Youth; ſome get a new Leaſe of Life by their entring into the Womb again, and if any weather it out to a hundred Years, they generally live on to an extreme Age. After which it is remarkable, that inſtead of growing weaker as we do, by Time, they increaſe in Strength, and become at laſt ſo confirm'd in Health, that it is the Opinion of their Country, they never can periſh while the World remains.

The *Sickneſſes* which may take them off, beſides what happens from their natural Weakneſs of Body, are of different Sorts. One is *over-moiſture*, which affecting their Manſions, makes them loſe their Complexions, become deform'd, and rot away inſenſibly: This is often obviated by their not keeping too much within Doors. Another is the *Worms*, which prey upon their Bowels: If they be maimed by Accidents, they become like us, ſo far uſeleſs; and that Maim will ſome time or other be the Occaſion of their Ruin. However, they periſh by theſe Means only in Appearance, and like Spirits, who vaniſh in one Place, to be ſeen in another.

nother. But as Men dye of Paſſions, ſo *Diſeſteem* is what the moſt nearly touches them; then they withdraw into Holes and Corners, and conſume away in Darkneſs. Or if they are kept alive a few Days by the force of *Spices*, it is but a ſhort Reprieve from their periſhing to Eternity; without any Honour, but that inſtead of a Burial, a ſmall Pyre of *Paſt* ſhou'd be erected over them, while they, like the antient *Romans*, are reduc'd to Aſhes.

N. B. This Viſion is to be underſtood of a Library of *Books*.

THE

THE LIFE OF ZOILUS:

And his

REMARKS ON *HOMER*'s Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*.

Vide quam iniqui ſunt divinorum munerum Æſtimatores, etiam quidam Profeſſi Sapientiam.

Seneca.

PREFACE.

HAVING some Time ago heard, that the Translation of HOMER's Iliad *would be attempted, I resolv'd to confer with the Gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall Presence, and thoughtful Countenance, with his Hands folded, his Eyes fix'd, and his Beard untrimm'd. This I took to be a good Omen, because he thus resembled the* Constantinopolitan *Statue of* HOMER *which* Cedrenus *describes; and surely nothing cou'd have been liker, had he but arriv'd at the Character of Age and Blindness. As my Business was to be my Introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret History of* HOMER; *that no one better knows his own Horse, than I do the Camel of* Bactria, *in which his Soul resided at the Time of the* Trojan *Wars; that my Acquaintance continued with him, as he appear'd in*

the Perſon of the Grecian *Poet; that I knew him in his next Tranſmigration into a Peacock; was pleas'd with his Return to Manhood, under the Name of* Ennius *at* Rome; *and more pleas'd to hear he would ſoon revive under another Name, with all his full Luſtre, in* England. *This particular Knowledge, added I, which ſprung from the Love I bear him, has made me fond of a Converſation with you, in order to the Succeſs of your Tranſlation.*

The civil Manner in which he receiv'd my Propoſal incouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were Arts *of Succeſs, as well as* Merits *to obtain it; and that he, who now dealt in* Greek, *ſhould not only ſatisfy himſelf with being a good* Grecian, *but alſo contrive to haſten into the Repute of it. He might therefore write in the Title-Page,* Tranſlated from the Original GREEK, *and ſelect a* Motto *for his Purpoſe out of the ſame Language. He might obtain a Copy of Verſes written in it to prefix to the Work; and not call the Titles of each Book, the Firſt, and Second, but* Iliad Alpha, *and* Beta. *He might retain ſome* Names *which the World is leaſt acquainted with, as his old Tranſlator* Chapman *uſes* Ephaiſtus *inſtead of* Vulcan, Baratrum *for* Hell; *and if the* Notes *were fill'd with* Greek *Verſes, it would more increaſe the Wonder of many Readers. Thus I went on; when he told me ſmiling, I had ſhewn him*

him indeed a Set of Arts very different from Merit, for which Reaſon, he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A Succeſs, ſays he, founded on the Ignorance of others, may bring a temporary Advantage, but neither a conſcious Satisfaction, nor future Fame to the Author. Men of Senſe deſpiſe the Affectation which they eaſily ſee through, and even they who were dazzled with it at firſt, are no ſooner inform'd of its being an Affectation, but they imagine it alſo a Veil to cover Imperfection.

THE next Point I ventur'd to ſpeak on, was the Sort of Poetry he intended to uſe; how ſome may fancy, a Poet of the greateſt Fire wou'd be imitated better in the Freedom of Blank Verſe, and the Deſcription of War ſounds more pompous out of Rhime. But, will the Tranſlation, ſaid he, be thus remov'd enough from Proſe, without greater Inconveniencies? What Tranſpoſitions is Milton *forc'd to as an Equivalent for Want of Rhime, in the Poetry of a Language which depends upon a natural Order of Words? And even this would not have done his Buſineſs, had he not given the fulleſt Scope to his Genius, by chooſing a Subject upon which there could be no Hyperboles. We ſee (however he be deſervedly ſucceſsful) that the* Ridicule *of his Manner ſucceeds better than the* Imitation *of it; becauſe Tranſpoſitions, which are unnatural to a Language, are to be fairly de-*

rided if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and becauſe Hyperboles, which outrage every leſſer Subject where they are ſeriouſly uſed, are often beautiful in Ridicule. Let the French, *whoſe Language is not copious, tranſlate in Proſe; but ours, which exceeds it in Copiouſneſs of Words, may have a more frequent Likeneſs of Sounds, to make the Uniſon or Rhime eaſier; a Grace of Muſick, that atones for the Harſhneſs our Conſonants and Monoſyllables occaſion.*

AFTER this, I demanded what Air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's *Verſion, or modern, like* La Motte's *Contraction. To which he anſwer'd, by deſiring me to obſerve what a Painter does who would always have his Pieces in Faſhion. He neither chooſes to draw a Beauty in a* Ruff, *or a* French-Head; *but with its Neck uncover'd, and in its natural Ornament of Hair curl'd up, or ſpread becomingly: So may a Writer chooſe a natural Manner of expreſſing himſelf which will always be in Faſhion, without affecting to borrow an odd Solemnity and unintelligible Pomp from the paſt Times, or humouring the preſent by falling into its Affectations, and thoſe Phraſes which are born to die with it.*

I ask'd him laſtly, whether he would be ſtrictly literal, or expatiate with further Licences? I would not be literal, replies he, or tied up to Line for Line in ſuch a Manner

wherein it is impoſſible to expreſs in one Language what has been deliver'd in another. Neither wou'd I ſo expatiate, as to alter my Author's Sentiments, or add others of my own. Theſe Errors are to be avoided on either hand, by adhering not only to the Word, but the Spirit and Genius of an Author; by conſidering what he means, with what beautiful Manner he has expreſs'd his Meaning in his own Tongue, and how he would have expreſs'd himſelf, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to ſeek for HOMER *in a Verſion of* HOMER: *Other Attempts are but Transformations of him; ſuch as* Ovid *tells us, where the Name is retain'd, and the Thing alter'd: This will be really what you mention'd in the Compliment you began with, a Tranſmigration of the Poet from one Country into another.*

HERE ended the ſerious Part of our Conference. All I remember further was, that having ask'd him, What he deſign'd with all thoſe Editions and Comments I obſerv'd in his Room? he made Anſwer, That if any one who had a Mind to find Fault with his Performance, would but ſtay 'till it was intirely finiſh'd, he ſhould have a very cheap Bargain of them.

Since this Diſcourſe, I have often reſolved to try what it was to tranſlate in the Spirit of a Writer, and at laſt, choſe the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, *which is aſcribed to* HOMER; *and bears a nearer Reſemblance to his Iliad,*

than the Culex *does to the Æneid of* Virgil. Statius *and others think it a Work of Youth, written as a Prelude to his greater Poems.* Chapman *thinks it the Work of his Age, after he found Men ungrateful; to ſhew he cou'd give Strength, Lineage and Fame as he pleas'd, and praiſe a Mouſe as well as a Man. Thus, ſays he, the Poet profeſſedly flung up the World, and applied himſelf at laſt to Hymns. Now though this Reaſon of his may be nothing more than a Scheme form'd out of the Order in which* Homer's *Works are printed, yet does the Conjecture that this Poem was written after the* Iliad, *appear probable, becauſe of its frequent Alluſions to that Poem; and particularly that there is not a* Frog *or a* Mouſe *kill'd, which has not its parallel Inſtance there, in the Death of ſome Warrior or other.*

THE Poem itſelf is of the Epic Kind; the Time of its Action the Duration of two Days; the Subject (however its Nature frivolous, or ridiculous) rais'd, by having the moſt ſhining Words and Deeds of Gods and Heroes accommodated to it: And while other Poems often compare the illuſtrious Exploits of great Men to thoſe of Brutes, this always heightens the Subject by Compariſons drawn from Things above it. We have a great Character given it with reſpect to the Fable in Gaddius de Script. non Eccleſ. *It appears, ſays he, nearer Perfection than the*

Iliad,

Iliad *or* Odyſſes, *and excels both in Judgment, Wit, and exquiſite Texture, ſince it is a Poem perfect in its own Kind. Nor does* Cruſius *ſpeak leſs to its Honour, with reſpect to the Moral, when he cries out in an Apoſtrophe to the Reader;* "*Whoever you are,* "*mind not the Names of theſe little Animals,* "*but look into the Things they mean; call them* "*Men, call them Kings, or Counſellors, or* "*human Polity itſelf, you have here Doctrines* "*of every Sort.*" *And indeed, when I hear the* Frog *talk concerning the* Mouſe's *Family, I learn, Equality ſhou'd be obſerv'd in making Friendſhips; when I hear the* Mouſe *anſwer the* Frog, *I remember, that a Similitude of Manners ſhou'd be regarded in them; when I ſee their Councils aſſembling, I think of the Buſtles of human Prudence; and when I ſee the Battle grow warm and glorious, our Struggles for Honour and Empire appear before me.*

THIS Piece had many Imitations of it in Antiquity, as the Fight of the Cats, the Cranes, the Starlings, the Spiders, &c. *That of the Cats is in the* Bodleian *Library, but I was not ſo lucky as to find it. I have taken the Liberty to divide my Tranſlation into Books (tho' it be otherwiſe in the Original) according as the Fable allow'd proper Reſting Places, by varying its Scene, or Nature of Action: This I did, after the Example of* Ariſtarchus *and* Zenodotus *in the* Iliad. *I*

then

then thought of carrying the Grammarians Example further, and placing Arguments at the Head of each, which I fram'd as follows, in Imitation of the ſhort antient Greek Inſcriptions *to the* Iliad.

BOOK I.

In Alpha, *the Ground*
Of the Quarrel is found.

BOOK II.

In Beta, *we*
The Council ſee.

BOOK III.

Dire Gamma *relates*
The Work of the Fates.

But as I am averſe from all Information which leſſens our Surprize, I only mention theſe for a Handle to quarrel with the Cuſtom of long Arguments before a Poem. It may be neceſſary in Books of Controverſy or abſtruſe Learning, to write an Epitome before each Part; but it is not kind to foreſtal us in the Work of Fancy, and make our Attention remiſs, by a previous Account of the End of it.

THE

THE next Thing which imploy'd my Thoughts was the Heroes Names. It might perhaps take off ſomewhat from the Majeſty of the Poem, had I caſt away ſuch noble Sounds as, Phyſignathus, Lycopinax, *and* Crambophagus, *to ſubſtitute* Bluffcheek, Lickdiſh, *and* Cabbage-Eater, *in their Places. It is for this Reaſon I have retain'd them untranſlated: However, I place them in* Engliſh *before the Poem, and ſometimes give a ſhort Character extracted out of their Names; as in* Polyphonus, Pternophagus, *&c. that the Reader may not want ſome Light of their Humour in the Original.*

BUT what gave me a greater Difficulty was, to know how I ſhould follow the Poet, when he inſerted Pieces of Lines from his Iliad, *and ſtruck out a Sprightlineſs by their new Application. To ſupply this in my Tranſlation, I have added one or two of* HOMER's *Particularities; and us'd two or three Alluſions to ſome of our* Engliſh *Poets who moſt reſemble him, to keep up ſome Image of this Spirit of the Original with an equivalent Beauty. To uſe more, might make my Performance ſeem a Cento rather than a Tranſlation, to thoſe who know not the Neceſſity I lay under.*

I am not ignorant, after all my Care, how the World receives the beſt Compoſitions of this Nature. A Man need only go to a Painter's, and apply what he hears ſaid of a Picture to a Tranſlation,

Tranſlation, to find how he ſhall be us'd upon his own, or his Author's Account. There one Spectator tells you, a Piece is extremely fine, but he ſets no Value on what is not like the Face it was drawn for; while a ſecond informs you, ſuch another is extremely like, but he cares not for a Piece of Deformity, tho' its Likeneſs be never ſo exact.

Yet notwithſtanding all which happens to the beſt, when I tranſlate, I have a Deſire to be reckon'd amongſt them; and I ſhall obtain this, if the World will be ſo good-natur'd as to believe Writers that give their own Characters: Upon which Preſumption, I anſwer to all Objections beforehand, as follows:

When I am literal, I regard my Author's Words; when I am not, I tranſlate in his Spirit. If I am low, I chooſe the Narrative Style; if high, the Subject requir'd it. When I am enervate, I give an Inſtance of antient Simplicity; when affected, I ſhow a Point of modern Delicacy. As for Beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any Faults, they proceeded from too unbounded Fancy, or too nice Judgment, but by no Means from any Defect in either of thoſe Faculties.

THE

THE LIFE OF ZOILUS.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.
Martial.

THEY who have diſcours'd concerning the Nature and Extent of Criticiſm, take Notice, that Editions of Authors, the Interpretations of them, and the Judgment which is paſs'd upon each, are the three Branches into which the Art divides itſelf. But the laſt of theſe, that directs in the Choice of Books, and takes Care to prepare us for reading them, is by the learned *Bacon* call'd the *Chair* of the *Criticks*.

In

In this Chair (to carry on the Figure) have ſat *Ariſtotle*, *Demetrius Phalereus*, *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*; all great Names of Antiquity, the *Cenſors* of thoſe Ages which went before, and the *Directors* of thoſe that come after them, with reſpect to the natural and perſpicuous Manners of Thought and Expreſſion, by which a correct and judicious *Genius* may be able to write for the Pleaſure and Profit of Mankind.

BUT whatever has been advanc'd by Men really great in themſelves, has been alſo attempted by others of Capacities either unequal to the Undertaking, or which have been corrupted by their Paſſions, and drawn away into partial Violences: So that we have ſometimes ſeen the Province of *Criticiſm* uſurp'd, by ſuch who judge with an *obſcure Diligence*, and a certain *Dryneſs of Underſtanding*, incapable of comprehending a figurative Style, or being mov'd by the Beauties of Imagination; and at other Times by ſuch, whoſe *natural Moroſeneſs in general*, or *particular Deſigns of Envy*, has render'd them indefatigable againſt the Reputation of others.

IN this laſt Manner is ZOILUS repreſented to us by Antiquity, and with a Character ſo abandon'd, that his Name has been ſince made uſe of to brand all ſucceeding Criticks of his Complexion. He has a Load of Infamy thrown

thrown upon him, great, in Proportion to the Fame of HOMER, againſt whom he oppos'd himſelf: If the one was eſteem'd as the very Reſidence of Wit, the other is deſcrib'd as a Profligate, who would deſtroy the Temple of *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, in order to have his Memory preſerv'd by the envious Action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful Undertaking to write ſome Account of this celebrated Perſon, from whom ſo many derive their Character; and I think the Life of a *Critick* is not unſeaſonably put before the Works of his *Poet*, eſpecially when his Cenſures accompany him. If what he advances be juſt, he ſtands here as a Cenſor; if otherwiſe, he appears as an Addition to the Poet's Fame, and is placed before him with the Juſtice of Antiquity in its Sacrifices, when, becauſe ſuch a Beaſt had offended ſuch a Deity, he was brought annually to his Altar to be ſlain upon it.

ZOILUS was born at *Amphipolis* a City of *Thracæ*, during the Time in which the *Macedonian* Empire flouriſh'd. Who his Parents were, is not certainly known; but if the Appellation of *Thracian Slave*, which the World apply'd to him, be not meerly an Expreſſion of Contempt, it proves him of mean Extraction. He was a Diſciple of one *Polycrates* a Sophiſt, who had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by writing againſt the great Names of the Ages before him; and who, when he is mention'd as his Maſter, is ſaid to be particularly famous

mous for a bitter Accuſation or Invective againſt the Memory of *Socrates*. In this Manner is Zoilus ſet out to Poſterity, like a Plant naturally baneful, and having its Poiſon render'd more acute and ſubtile by a Preparation.

In his Perſon he was tall and meagre, his Complexion was pale, and all the Motions of his Face were ſharp. He is repreſented by *Ælian*, with a Beard nouriſh'd to a prodigious Length, and his Head kept cloſe ſhav'd, to give him a magiſterial Appearance: His Coat hung over his Knees in a ſlovenly Faſhion; his Manners were form'd upon an Averſion to the Cuſtoms of the World. He was fond of ſpeaking ill, diligent to ſow Diſſenſion, and from the conſtant Bent of his Thought, had obtain'd that Sort of Readineſs for Slander or Reproach, which is eſteem'd Wit by the light Opinion of ſome, who take the Remarks of Ill-nature for an Underſtanding of Mankind, and the abrupt Laſhes of Rudeneſs for the Spirit of Expreſſion. This, at laſt, grew to ſuch a Height in him, that he became careleſs of concealing it; he threw off all Reſerves and Managements in reſpect of others, and the Paſſion ſo far took the Turn of a Frenzy, that being one Day ask'd, why he ſpoke ill of every one? "It is (ſays he) becauſe I am not "able to do them ill, tho' I have ſo great a "Mind to it. Such extravagant Declarations of his general Enmity made Men deal with him

him as with the Creature he affected to be; they no more ſpoke of him as belonging to the Species he hated; and from henceforth his learned Speeches or fine Remarks cou'd obtain no other Title for him, but that of *The Rhetorical Dog*.

WHILE he was in *Macedon* he employ'd his Time in writing, and reciting what he had written in the Schools of Sophiſts. His Oratory (ſays *Dionyſius Malicarnaſſenſis*) was always of the demonſtrative Kind, which concerns itſelf about Praiſe or Diſpraiſe. His Subjects were the moſt approv'd Authors, whom he choſe to abuſe upon the Account of their Reputation; and to whom, without going round the Matter in *faint Praiſes* or *artificial Inſinuations*, he us'd to deny their own *Characteriſticks*. With this Gallantry of Oppoſition did he cenſure *Zenophon* for Affectation, *Plato* for vulgar Notions, and *Iſocrates* for Incorrectneſs. *Demoſthenes*, in his Opinion, wanted Fire, *Ariſtotle* Subtilty, and *Ariſtophanes* Humour. But, as to have Reputation was with him a ſufficient Cauſe of Enmity, ſo to have that Reputation univerſal, was what wrought his Frenzy to its wildeſt Degree; for which Reaſon it was HOMER with whom he was moſt implacably angry. And certainly, if Envy chooſe its Object for the Power to give Torment, it ſhou'd here (if ever) have the Glory of fully anſwering its

Intentions; for the Poet was ſo worſhipp'd by the whole Age, that his Critick had not the common Alleviation of the Opinion of one other Man, to concur in his Condemnation.

Zoilus however went on with indefatigable Induſtry in a voluminous Work, which he intitled, *The* Νόμος, or *Cenſure* of Homer: 'Till having at laſt finiſh'd it, he prepares to ſend it into the World with a pompous Title at the Head, invented for himſelf by way of Excellency, and thus inſerted after the Manner of the Ancients:

Zoilus, *the Scourge of* Homer, *writ this againſt that Lover of Fables.*

Thus did he value himſelf upon a Work, which the World has not thought worth tranſmitting to us, and but juſt left a Specimen in five or ſix Quotations, which happen to be preſerv'd by the Commentators of that Poet againſt whom he writ it. If any one be fond to form a Judgment upon him from theſe Inſtances, they are as follows:

Il. 1. He ſays, Homer is very ridiculous (a Word he was noted to apply to him) when he makes ſuch a God as *Apollo* imploy himſelf in killing Dogs and Mules.

Il.

Il. 5. HOMER is very ridiculous in deſcribing *Diomedes*'s Helmet and Armour, as ſparkling, and in a Blaze of Fire about him; for then why was he not burn'd by it?

Il. 5. WHEN *Idæus* quitted his fine Chariot, which was intangled in the Fight, and for which he might have been ſlain, the Poet was a Fool for making him leave his Chariot, he had better have run away in it.

Il. 24. WHEN *Achilles* makes *Priam* lie out of his Tent, leſt the *Greeks* ſhould hear of his being there, the Poet had no Breeding to turn a King out in that Manner.

Od. 9. THE Poet ſays, *Ulyſſes* loſt an equal Number out of each Ship. The Critick ſays, that's impoſſible.

Od. 10. HE derides the Men who were turn'd into Swine, and calls them HOMER's poor little blubbering Pigs. The firſt five of theſe Remarks are found in *Didymus*, the laſt in *Longinus*.

SUCH as theſe are the cold Jeſts and trifling Quarrels, which have been regiſtred from a Compoſition, that (according to the Repreſentation handed down to us) was born in Envy,

liv'd a ſhort Life in Contempt, and lies for ever buried with Infamy.

BUT, as his Deſign was judg'd by himſelf wonderfully well accompliſh'd, *Macedon* began to be eſteem'd a Stage too narrow for his Glory; and *Ægypt*, which had then taken Learning into its Patronage, the proper Place where it ought to diffuſe its Beams, to the Surprize of all whom he wou'd perſuade to reckon themſelves hitherto in the Dark, and under the Prejudices of a falſe Admiration. However, as he had prepar'd himſelf for the Journey, he was ſuddenly diverted for a while by the Rumour of the *Olympick* Games, which were at that Time to be celebrated. Thither he ſteer'd his Courſe, full of the Memory of *Herodotus*, and others who had ſucceſsfully recited in that large Aſſembly; and pleas'd to imagine he ſhould alter all *Greece* in their Notions of Wit before he left it.

UPON his Arrival, he found the Field in its Preparation for Diverſion. The Chariots ſtood for the Race, carv'd and gilded, the Horſes were led in coſtly Trappings; ſome practis'd to wreſtle, ſome to dart the Spear, (or whatever they deſign'd to ingage at) in a kind of Flouriſh beforehand: Others were looking on, to amuſe themſelves; and all gaily dreſs'd, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Places. Through theſe did ZOILUS move forward,

ward, bald-headed, bearded to the middle, in a long ſad-colour'd Veſtment, and inflexibly ſtretching forth his Hands fill'd with Volumes roll'd up to a vaſt Thickneſs: a Figure moſt venerably ſlovenly! able to demand Attention upon Account of its Oddneſs. And indeed, he had no ſooner fix'd himſelf upon an Eminence, but a Crowd flock'd about him to know what he intended. Then the Critick caſting his Eyes on the Ring, open'd his Volume ſlowly, as conſidering with what Part he might moſt properly entertain his Audience. It happen'd, that the Games at *Patroclus*'s Obſequies came firſt into his Thought; whether it was that he judged it ſuitable to the Place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the Games themſelves, as upon HOMER for celebrating them, and could not reſiſt his natural Diſpoſition to give Mankind Offence. Every one was now intently faſten'd upon him, while he undertook to prove, that thoſe Games ſignify'd nothing to the Taking of *Troy*, and therefore only furniſh'd an impertinent Epiſode: that the Fall of the leſſer *Ajax* in Cow-dung, the Squabble of the Chariot-Race, and other Accidents, which attend ſuch Sports, are mean or trifling: and a World of other Remarks, for which he ſtill affirm'd HOMER to be a Fool, and which they that heard him took for ſtudied Invectives againſt thoſe Exerciſes they were then employ'd in. Men who frequent Sports, as they are of a

chearful Diſpoſition, ſo are they Lovers of Poetry: This, together with the Opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to Impatience and further Licences: There was particularly a young *Athenian* Gentleman, who was to run three Chariots in thoſe Games, who being an Admirer of HOMER, cou'd no longer contain himſelf, but cry'd out, "What in the Name of *Caſtor* have "we here, ZOILUS from *Thrace?*" and as he ſaid it, ſtruck him with a Chariot-Whip. Immediately then a hundred Whips were ſeen curling round his Head; ſo that his Face, naturally deform'd, and heighten'd by Pain to its utmoſt *Caricatura*, appear'd in the midſt of them, as we may fancy the viſage of Envy, if at any time her Snakes riſe in Rebellion to laſh their Miſtreſs. Nor was this all the Puniſhment they decreed him, when once they imagin'd he was ZOILUS: The *Scyronian* Rocks were near 'em, and thither they hurried him with a general Cry, to that ſpeedy Juſtice which is practis'd at Places of Diverſion.

It is here, that, according to *Suidas*, the Critick expir'd. But we following the more numerous Teſtimonies of other Authors, conclude he eſcap'd either by the Lowneſs of thoſe Rocks whence he was thruſt, or by Buſhes which might break his Fall; and ſoon after following the Courſes of his firſt Intention, he ſet ſail for *Ægypt*.

ÆGYPT

ÆGYPT was at this time govern'd by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, a Prince paſſionately fond of Learning, and learned Men; particularly an Admirer of HOMER to Adoration. He had built the fineſt Library in the World, and made the choiceſt, as well as moſt numerous Collection of Books. No Encouragements were wanting from him to allure Men of the brighteſt Genius to his Court, and no Time thought too much which he ſpent in their Company. From hence it is that we hear of *Eratoſthenes* and *Ariſtophanes*, thoſe univerſal Scholars, and candid Judges of other Men's Performances: *Callimachus*, a Poet of the moſt eaſy, courteous Delicacy, famous for a Poem on the cutting of *Berenice*'s Hair, and whom *Ovid* ſo much admired as to ſay, "It was Reaſon enough for him to love a "Woman, if ſhe wou'd but tell him he ex-"ceeded *Callimachus*;" *Theocritus*, the moſt famous in the paſtoral Way of Writing; and among the young Men, *Ariſtarchus* and *Apollonius Rhodius*, the one of whom prov'd a moſt judicious Critick, the other a Poet of no mean Character.

THESE and many more fill'd the Court of that munificent Prince, whoſe liberal Diſpenſations of Wealth and Favour became Encouragements to every one to exert their Parts to the utmoſt; like Streams which flow through

different Sorts of Soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by Nature.

Such was the Court when Zoilus arriv'd; but before he enter'd *Alexandria*, he ſpent a Night in the Temple of *Iſis*, to enquire of the Succeſs of his Undertaking; not that he doubted the worth of his Works, but his late Misfortune had inſtructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore perform'd the accuſtom'd Sacrifice, and compos'd himſelf to reſt upon the Hide, he had a Viſion which foretold of his future Fame.

He found himſelf ſitting under the ſhade of a dark Yew, which was cover'd with Hellebore and Hemlock, and near the Mouth of a Cave, where ſat a Monſter, pale, waſted, ſurrounded with Snakes, foſt'ring a Cockatrice in her Boſom; and curſing the Sun, for making the Work of the Deities appear in its Beauty. The Sight of this bred fear in him; when ſhe ſuddenly turning her ſunk Eyes, put on a hideous Kind of a loving Grin, in which he diſcover'd a Reſemblance to ſome of his own Features. Then turning up her Snakes, and interlacing them in the form of a Turbant, to give him leſs Diſguſt, thus ſhe addreſs'd herſelf: "Go on, my Son, in "whom I am renew'd, and proſper in thy "brave Undertakings on Mankind: Aſſert "their Wit to be Dulneſs; prove their Senſe

"to

" to be Folly; know Truth only when it is on
" thy own ſide; and acknowledge Learning at
" no other time to be uſeful. Spare not an Au-
" thor of any Rank or Size; let not thy Tongue
" or Pen know Pity; make the Living feel thy
" Accuſations; make the Ghoſts of the Dead
" groan in their Tombs for their violated Fame.
" But why do I ſpend time in needleſs Advice,
" which may be better uſed in Encouragement?
" Let thy Eyes delight themſelves with the fu-
" ture Recompence which I have reſerv'd for
" thy Merit." Thus ſpoke the Monſter, and ſhriek'd the Name of Zoilus: The Shades, who were to bear the ſame Name after him, became obedient; and the Mouth of the Cave was fill'd with ſtrange ſupercilious Countenances, which all crowded to make their appearance. Theſe began to march before him with an Imitation of his Mien and Manners: Some crown'd with wild Sorrel, others having Leaves of dead Bays mingled amongſt it; whilſt the Monſter ſtill deſcrib'd them as he paſs'd, and touch'd each with a livid Track of malignant Light, that ſhot from her Eye, to point where ſhe meant the Deſcription. " They (ſays ſhe)
" in the Chaplets of wild Sorrel, are my Wri-
" ters of Proſe, who erect Scandal into Criticiſm:
" They who wear the wither'd Bay with it, are
" ſuch who write Poems, which are profeſſedly
" to anſwer all Rules, and be left for Patterns
" to Men of Genius. Theſe that follow ſhall
" attack others, becauſe they are excell'd by
them.

" them. The next Rank ſhall make an Au-
" thor's being read, a ſufficient Ground of Op-
" poſition. Here march my Grammarians,
" ſkill'd to torture Words; there my Sons of
" Sophiſtry, ever ready to wreſt a Meaning.
" Obſerve how faint the foremoſt of the Proceſ-
" ſion appear; and how they are now loſt in
" yonder Miſts, which roll about the Cave of
" Oblivion! This ſhews, it is not for themſelves
" that they are to be known; the World will
" conſider them only as managing a part of thy
" Endowments, and ſo know them by thy
" Name while they live, that their own ſhall be
" loſt for ever. But ſee how my Cave ſtill
" ſwarms! how every Age produces Men, upon
" whom the Preſervation of thy Memory de-
" volves. My Darling, the Fates have decreed
" it! Thou art ZOILUS, and ZOILUS ſhall be
" eternal. Come, my Serpents, applaud him
" with your Hiſſes, that is all which now can
" be done; in modern Times, my Sons ſhall
" invent louder Inſtruments, and artificial Imi-
" tations; Noiſes which drown the Voice of
" Merit, ſhall furniſh a Concert to delight
" them." Here ſhe aroſe to claſp him in her Arms, a ſtrange Noiſe was heard, the Critick ſtarted at it, and his Viſion forſook him.

IT was with ſome Confuſion, that he lay muſing a while upon what he had ſeen; but reflecting, that the Goddeſs had giv'n him no Anſwer concerning his Succeſs in *Ægypt*, he ſtrengthen'd

ſtrengthen'd his Heart in his ancient Self-Love and Enmity to others, and took all for an idle Dream born of the Fumes of Indigeſtion, or produc'd by the dizzy Motion of his Voyage. In this Opinion, he told it at his Departure to the Prieſt, who admiring the extraordinary Relation, regiſtred it in Hieroglyphicks at *Canopus*.

THE Day when he came to *Alexandria* was one on which the King had appointed Games to *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, and Honours and Rewards for ſuch Writers as ſhou'd appear in them. This he took for a happy Omen at his Entrance, and, not to loſe an Opportunity of ſhewing himſelf, repair'd immediately to the publick Theatre; where, as if every thing was to favour him, the very firſt Accident gave his Spleen a Diverſion, which we find at large in the Poem of the ſeventh Book of *Vitruvius*. It happen'd that when the Poets had recited, ſix of the Judges decreed the Prizes with a full Approbation of all the Audience. From this, *Ariſtophanes* alone diſſented, and demanded the firſt Prize for a Perſon whoſe baſhful and interrupted manner of ſpeaking made him appear the moſt diſguſtful: For he (ſays the Judge) is alone a Poet, and all the reſt Reciters; and they who are Judges, ſhou'd not approve Thefts, but Writings. To maintain his Aſſertion, thoſe Volumes were produc'd from whence they had been ſtoll'n: Upon which, the King order'd them to be formally try'd for Theft, and diſmiſs'd

miſs'd with Infamy; but plac'd *Ariſtophanes* over his Library, as one, who had given a Proof of his Knowledge in Books. This Paſſage Zoilus often afterwards repeated with Pleaſure, for the number of Diſgraces which happen'd in it to the Pretenders in Poetry; tho' his Envy made him ſtill careful not to name *Ariſtophanes*, but a Judge in general.

However, Criticiſm had only a ſhort Triumph over Poetry, when he made the next turn his own, by ſtepping forward into the place of reciting. Here he immediately rais'd the Curioſity, and drew the Attention of both King and People: But, as it happen'd, neither the one nor the other laſted; for the firſt Sentence where he had regiſtred his own *Name*, ſatisfied their Curioſity; and the next, where he offer'd to prove to a Court ſo devoted to *Homer*, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finiſh his Audience. He was nevertheleſs heard quietly for ſome time, till the King ſeeing no end of his abuſing the Prince of Philological Learning, (as *Vitruvius* words it) departed in diſdain. The Judges follow'd, deriding his Attempt as an Extravagance which cou'd not demand their Gravity; and the People taking a licence from the Precedent, hooted him away with Obloquy and Indignation. Thus Zoilus fail'd at his firſt Appearance, and was forc'd to retire, ſtung with a moſt impatient Senſe of publick Contempt.

Yet

YET notwithſtanding all this, he did not omit his Attendance at Court on the day following, with a Petition that he might be put upon the Eſtabliſhment of Learning, and allow'd a Penſion. This the King read, but return'd no Anſwer: So great was the Scorn he conceiv'd againſt him. But ZOILUS ſtill undauntedly renew'd his Petitions, 'till *Ptolemy*, being weary of his Perſecution, gave him a flat Denial. HOMER, (ſays the Prince) who has been dead theſe thouſand Years, has maintain'd thouſands of People; and ZOILUS, who boaſts he has more Wit than he, ought not only to maintain himſelf, but many others alſo.

His Petitions being thrown careleſly about, were fall'n into the hands of Men of Wit, whom, according to his Cuſtom, he had provok'd, and whom it is unſafe to provoke if you wou'd live unexpos'd. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the Bee, a Creature wing'd and lively, fond to rove through the choiceſt Flowers of Nature, and bleſt at home among the Sweets of its own Compoſition: Not ill-natur'd, yet quick to revenge an Injury; not wearing its Sting out of the Sheath, yet able to wound more ſorely than its Appearance wou'd threaten. Now theſe being made perſonal Enemies by his malicious Expreſſions, the Court rung with Petitions of ZOILUS tranſvers'd; new Petitions drawn up for him; Catalogues of his Merits, ſup-

ſuppos'd to be collected by himſelf; his Complaints of Man's Injuſtice ſet to a Harp out of Tune, and a hundred other Sports of Fancy, with which their Epigrams play'd upon him. Theſe were the ways of Writing which ZOILUS hated, becauſe they were not only read, but retain'd eaſily, by reaſon of their Spirit, Humour, and Brevity; and becauſe they not only make the Man a jeſt upon whom they are written, but a further jeſt, if he attempt to anſwer them gravely. However, he did what he cou'd in revenge, he endeavour'd to ſet thoſe whom he envy'd at variance among themſelves, and invented Lyes to promote his Deſign. He told *Eratoſthenes*, that *Callimachus* ſaid, his Extent of Learning conſiſted but in a ſuperficial Knowledge of the Sciences; and whiſper'd *Callimachus*, that *Eratoſthenes* only allow'd him to have an artful habitual Knack of verſifying. He would have made *Ariſtophanes* believe, that *Theocritus* railly'd his Knowledge in Editions, as a curious kind of Trifling; and *Theocritus*, that *Ariſtophanes* derided the ruſtical Simplicity of his Shepherds. Tho' of all his Stories, that which he moſt valu'd himſelf for, was his conſtant Report, that every one whom he hated was a Friend to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, the Enemy of *Ptolemy*.

BUT Malice is unſucceſsful when the Character of its Agent is known: They grew more friends to one another, by imagining, that even what

what had been ſaid, as well as what had not, was all of ZOILUS's Invention; and as he grew more and more the common jeſt, their Deriſion of him became a kind of Life and Cement to their Converſation.

CONTEMPT, Poverty, and other Misfortunes had now ſo aſſaulted him, that even they who abhorr'd his Temper, contributed ſomething to his Support, in common Humanity. Yet ſtill his Envy, like a vitiated Stomach, converted every Kindneſs to the Nouriſhment of his Diſeaſe; and 'twas the whole Buſineſs of his Life to revile HOMER, and thoſe by whom he himſelf ſubſiſted. In this humour he had Days, which were ſo given up to *impatient Ill-nature*, that he cou'd neither write any thing, nor converſe with any one. Theſe he ſometimes employ'd in throwing Stones at Children; which was once ſo unhappily return'd upon him, that he was taken up for dead: And this occaſion'd the Report in ſome Authors, of his being ſtoned to death in *Ægypt*. Or, ſometimes he convey'd himſelf into the Library, where he blotted the Name of HOMER wherever he could meet it, and tore the beſt Editions of ſeveral Volumes; for which the Librarians debarr'd him the privilege of that Place. Theſe and other Miſchiefs made him univerſally ſhunn'd; nay, to ſuch an Extravagance was his Character of Envy carry'd, that the more ſuperſtitious *Ægyptians* imagin'd they were

were faſcinated by him, if the Day were darker, or themſelves a little heavier than ordinary; ſome wore ſprigs of Rue, by way of Prevention; and others, Rings made of the hoof of a wild Aſs for Amulets, leſt they ſhou'd ſuffer, by his fixing an Eye upon them.

It was now near the Time, when that ſplendid Temple which *Ptolemy* built in honour of Homer, was to be open'd with a ſolemn Magnificence: For this the Men of Genius were employ'd in finding a proper Pageant. At laſt, they agreed by one Conſent, to have Zoilus, the utter Enemy of Homer, hang'd in Effigie; and the Day being come, it was on this manner they form'd the Proceſſion. Twelve beautiful Boys, lightly habited in white, with purple Wings repreſenting the *Hours*, went on the foremoſt: After theſe came a Chariot exceeding high and ſtately, where ſat one repreſenting *Apollo*, with another at his Feet, who in this Pomp ſuſtain'd the Perſon of Homer: *Apollo*'s Laurel had little gilded Points, like the Appearance of Rays between its Leaves; Homer's was bound with a blue Fillet, like that which is worn by the Prieſts of the Deity: *Apollo* was diſtinguiſh'd by the golden Harp he bore; Homer, by a Volume, richly beautify'd with Horns of inlaid Ivory, and Taſſels of Silver depending from them. Behind theſe came three Chariots, in which rode nine Damſels, each of them with that Inſtrument

ſtrument which is proper to each of the Muſes; among whom *Calliope*, to give her the Honour of the Day, ſat in the middle of the ſecond Chariot, known by her richer Veſtments. After theſe march'd a ſolemn Train aptly habited, like thoſe Sciences which acknowledge their Riſe or Improvement from this Poet. Then the Men of Learning who attended the Court, with Wreaths, and Rods or Scepters of Laurel, as taking upon themſelves the Repreſentation of *Rhapſodiſts*, to do honour, for the time, to HOMER. In the Rear of all was ſlowly drawn along an odd Carriage, rather than a Chariot, which had its Sides artfully turn'd, and carv'd ſo as to bear Reſemblance to the Heads of ſnarling Maſtiffs. In this was born, as led in Triumph, a tall Image of Deformity, whoſe Head was bald, and wound about with Nettles for a Chaplet. The Tongue lay lolling out, to ſhew a Contempt of Mankind, and was fork'd at the end, to confeſs its Love to Detraction. The Hands were manacled behind, and the Fingers arm'd with long Nails, to cut deep through the Margins of Authors. Its Veſture was of the Paper of *Nilus*, bearing inſcrib'd upon its Breaſt in Capital Letters, *ZOILUS the HOMERO-MASTIX*; and all the reſt of it was ſcrawl'd with various Monſters of that River, as Emblems of thoſe Productions with which that Critick us'd to fill his Papers. When they had reach'd the Temple, where the King and his Court were

already plac'd to behold them from its Galleries, the Image of Zoilus was hung upon a Gibbet, there erected for it, with ſuch loud Acclamations as witneſs'd the People's Satisfaction. This being finiſh'd, the *Hours* knock'd at the Gates, which flew open, and diſcover'd the Statue of Homer magnificently ſeated, with the Pictures of thoſe Cities which contended for his Birth, rang'd in Order around him. Then they who repreſented the Deities in the Proceſſion, laying aſide their Enſigns of Divinity, uſher'd in the Men of Learning with a Sound of Voices, and their various Inſtruments, to aſſiſt at a Sacrifice in honour of *Apollo* and his favourite Homer.

It may be eaſily believ'd, that Zoilus concluded his Affairs were at the utmoſt Point of Deſperation in *Ægypt*; wherefore, fill'd with Pride, Scorn, Anger, Vexation, Envy, (and whatever cou'd torment him, except the Knowledge of his Unworthineſs) he flung himſelf aboard the firſt Ship that left that Country. As it happen'd, the Veſſel he ſail'd in was bound for *Aſia Minor*, and this landing him at a Port the neareſt to *Smyrna*, he was a little pleas'd amidſt his Miſery to think of decrying Homer in another Place where he was ador'd, and which chiefly pretended to his Birth. So incorrigible was his Diſpoſition, that no Experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his Eaſe and Safety.

And

AND as his Experience wrought nothing on him, ſo neither did the Accidents, which the Opinion of thoſe Times took for ominous Warnings: For, he is reported to have ſeen, the Night he came to *Smyrna*, a venerable Perſon, ſuch as HOMER is deſcrib'd by Antiquity, threatning him in a Dream; and in the Morning he found a part of his Works gnaw'd by *Mice*, which, ſays *Ælian*, are of all Beaſts the moſt prophetick; inſomuch that they know when to leave a Houſe, even before its Fall is ſuſpected. Envy, which has no Relaxation, ſtill hurry'd him forward; for it is certainly true that Man has not firmer Reſolution from Reaſon, to ſtand by a good Principle, than Obſtinacy from perverted Nature, to adhere to a bad one.

IN the Morning as he walk'd the Street, he obſerv'd in ſome places Inſcriptions concerning HOMER, which inform'd him where he liv'd, where he had taught School, and ſeveral other Particularities which the *Smyrneans* glory to have recorded of him; all which awaken'd and irritated the Paſſions of ZOILUS. But his Temper was quite overthrown, by the venerable Appearance which he ſaw, upon entring the *Homereum*; which is a Building compos'd of a Library, Porch, and Temple erected to HOMER. Here a Phrenzy ſeiz'd him which knew no bounds; he rav'd violent-

ly againſt the Poet, and all his Admirers; he trampled on his Works, he ſpurn'd about his Commentators, he tore down his Buſts from the Niches, threw the Medals that were caſt of him out of the Windows, and paſſing from one Place to another, beat the aged Prieſts, and broke down the Altar. The Cries which were occaſioned by this means brought in many upon him; who obſerv'd with Horror how the moſt ſacred Honours of their City were prophan'd by the frantick Impiety of a Stranger; and immediately dragg'd him to Puniſhment before their Magiſtrates, who were then ſitting. He was no ſooner there, but known for Zoilus by ſome in Court, a Name a long time moſt hateful to *Smyrna*; which, as it valu'd itſelf upon the Birth of Homer, ſo bore more impatiently than other Places, the Abuſes offer'd him. This made them eager to propitiate his Shade, and claim to themſelves a ſecond Merit by the Death of Zoilus; wherefore they ſentenc'd him to ſuffer by Fire, as the due Reward of his Deſecrations; and order'd, that their City ſhou'd be purify'd by a Luſtration, for having entertain'd ſo impious a Gueſt. In purſuance to this Sentence, he was led away with his Compoſitions born before him by the publick Executioner: Then was he faſten'd to the Stake, propheſying all the while how many ſhou'd ariſe to revenge his Quarrel; particularly, that when *Greek* ſhou'd be no more a Language,

there

there ſhall be a *Nation* which will both *tranſlate* HOMER into *Proſe*, and *contract* him in *Verſe*. At laſt, his Compoſitions were lighted to ſet the Pile on fire, and he expir'd ſighing for the loſs of them, more than for the Pain he ſuffered; And perhaps too, becauſe he might foreſee in his prophetick Rapture, that there ſhou'd ariſe a Poet in another Nation, able to do HOMER juſtice, and make him known amongſt his People to future Ages.

THUS dy'd this noted Critick, of whom we may obſerve from the Courſe of the Hiſtory, that as ſeveral Cities contended for the Honour of the Birth of HOMER, ſo ſeveral have contended for the Honour of the Death of ZOILUS. With him likewiſe periſh'd his great Work on the *Iliad*, and the *Odyſſee*; concerning which we obſerve alſo, that as the known Worth of HOMER's Poetry makes him ſurvive himſelf with Glory; ſo the bare Memory of ZOILUS's Criticiſm makes him ſurvive himſelf with Infamy. Theſe are deſervedly the Conſequences of that *Ill-nature* which made him fond of Detraction; that *Envy*, which made him chooſe ſo excellent a Character for its Object; and thoſe *partial Methods* of *Injuſtice*, with which he treated the Object he had choſen.

YET how many commence Criticks after him, upon the ſame unhappy Principles?

How many labour to deſtroy the Monuments of the Dead, and ſummon up the Great from their Graves to anſwer for Trifles before them? How many, by Miſrepreſentations, both hinder the World from favouring Men of Genius, and diſcourage them in themſelves; like Boughs of a baneful and barren nature, that ſhoot a-croſs a Fruit-Tree; at once to ſcreen the Sun from it, and hinder it by their Droppings from producing any Thing of Value? But if theſe who thus follow Zoilus, meet not the ſame Severities of Fate, becauſe they come ſhort of his Indefatigableneſs, or their Object is not ſo univerſally the Concern of Mankind; they ſhall nevertheleſs meet a Proportion of it in the inward Trouble they give themſelves, and the outward Contempt others fling upon them: A Puniſhment which every one has hitherto felt, who has really deſerv'd to be call'd a Zoilus; and which will always be the natural Reward of ſuch Men's Actions, as long as Zoilus is the proper Name of *Envy*.

ZOILUS's REMARKS.

Ingenium magni Livor detractat Amici,
Quiſquis & ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.

I MUST do my Reader the juſtice, before I enter upon theſe NOTES of ZOILUS, to inform him, that I have not in any Author met this Work aſcrib'd to him by its Title, which has made me not mention it in the LIFE. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote ſeveral Things beſides his Cenſure on the *Iliad*, which, as it gives ground for this Opinion, encourages me to offer an Account of the Treatiſe.

BEING acquainted with a grave Gentleman who ſearches after Editions, purchaſes Manu-

ſcripts, and collects Copies, I apply'd to him for ſome Editions of this Poem, which he readily oblig'd me with. But, added he, taking down a Paper, I doubt I ſhall diſcourage you from your Tranſlation, when I ſhow this Work, which is Written upon the Original, by ZOILUS, the famous Adverſary of HOMER. ZOILUS! ſaid I with Surprize; I thought his Works had long ſince periſh'd. They have ſo, anſwer'd he, all, except this little Piece, which has a PREFACE annex'd to it accounting for its Preſervation. It ſeems, when he parted from *Macedon*, he left this behind him where he lodg'd, and where no one enter'd for a long Time, in deteſtation of the Odiouſneſs of his Character, till *Mævius* arriving there in his Travels, and being deſirous to lie in the ſame Room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the Author of the PREFACE imagines the Reaſon of *Horace*'s wiſhing *Mævius*, in the 10th *Epode*, ſuch a Shipwreck as HOMER deſcribes; as it were with an Eye to his having done ſomething diſadvantageous to that Poet. From *Mævius*, the Piece came into the Hand of *Carbilius Pictor*, (who, when he wrote againſt *Virgil*, call'd his Book, with a reſpectful Imitation of ZOILUS, the *Æneidomaſtix*) and from him into the Hands of others who are unknown, becauſe the World apply'd to them no other Name than that of ZOILUS, in order to ſink their own in Oblivion. Thus

it

it ever found ſome learned Philologiſt or Critick, to keep it ſecret from the Rage of HOMER's Admirers; yet not ſo ſecret, but that it has ſtill been communicated among the *Literati*. I am of Opinion, that our great *Scaliger* borrow'd it, to work him up when he writ ſo ſharply againſt *Cardan*; and perhaps *Le Clerc* too, when he prov'd *Q. Curtius* ignorant of every particular Branch of Learning.

THIS formal Account made me give attention to what the Book contain'd; and I muſt acknowledge, that whether it be his, or the Work of ſome Grammarian, it appears to be writ in his Spirit. The open Profeſſion of Enmity to great Genius's, and the fear of nothing ſo much as that he may not be able to find Faults enough, are ſuch Reſemblances of his ſtrongeſt Features, that any one might take it for his own Production. To give the World a Notion of this, I have made a Collection of ſome REMARKS, which moſt ſtruck me, during that ſhort Time in which I was allowed to peruſe the Manuſcript.

THE

THE

REMARKS

OF

ZOILUS

UPON

HOMER's BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS and *MICE*.

Page 67. Ver. 1. TO fill my riſing Song.] *As* Protagoras *the Sophiſt found fault with the Beginning of the* Iliad, *for its ſpeaking to the* Muſe *rather with an abrupt Command, than a ſolemn Invocation; ſo I,* ſays ZOILUS, *do on the other Hand find fault with him for uſing any Invocation at all before this Poem, or any ſuch*

ſuch Trifles as he is the Author of. If he muſt uſe one, Protagoras *is in the right; if not, I am: This I hold for true Criticiſm, notwithſtanding the Opinion of* Ariſtotle *againſt us. Nor let any one lay a ſtreſs on* Ariſtotle *in this Point; he alas! knows nothing of Poetry but what he has read in* Homer; *his Rules are all extracted from him, or founded in him. In ſhort,* Homer's *Works are the Examples of* Ariſtotle's *Precepts; and* Ariſtotle's *Precepts the Methods* Homer *wrought by.* From hence it is to be concluded as the Opinion of this Critick, that whoever wou'd entirely deſtroy the Reputation of Homer, muſt renounce the Authority of *Ariſtotle* before-hand. The Rules of Building may be of ſervice to us, if we deſign to judge of an Edifice, and diſcover what may be amiſs in it for the Advantage of future Artificers; but they are of no uſe to thoſe who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the Word [*Song,*] in the firſt Line the Original adds, [*What I have written in my Tablets.*] Theſe Words, which are dropp'd in the Tranſlation as of no conſequence, the great Zoilus has thought fit to expunge; aſſerting for a Reaſon, without backing it with farther Proof, *That Tablets were not of ſo early Invention.* Now, it muſt be granted, this manner of *proving by Affirmation* is of an extraordinary Nature; but however it has its end with a Set of Readers for whom it is adapted

adapted. One Part of the World knows not with what Aſſurance another Part can expreſs it ſelf. They imagine a reaſonable Creature will not have the face to ſay any thing which has not ſome Shadow of Reaſon to ſupport it; and run implicitly into the Snare which is laid for Good-nature, by theſe daring Authors of definitive Sentences upon bare Aſſertion.

Page 68. Ver. 11. *Whom Cats purſu'd.*] The *Greek* Word here expreſly ſignifies a *Cat*: Zoilus, whom *Perizonius* follows, affirms, *It was Weezles which the Mouſe fled from*; and then objects againſt its Probability. But it is common with one ſort of Criticks, to ſhew an Author means differently from what he really did; and then to prove, that the Meaning which *they* find out for him is good for nothing.

Page 69. Ver. 5. *If worthy Friendſhip.*] In this Propoſal begins the Moral of the whole Piece, which is, that haſty, ill-founded, or unnatural Friendſhips and Leagues, will naturally end in War and Diſcord. But Zoilus who is here mightily concern'd to take off from Homer all the Honour of having deſign'd a Moral, aſſerts on the other Hand, *That the Poet's whole Intent was to make a Fable; that a Fable he has made, and one very idle and trifling; that many Things are aſcrib'd to* Homer, *which poor* Homer *never dream'd of; and he*

who

who finds them out, rather ſhews his own Parts than diſcovers his Author's Beauties. In this Opinion has he been follow'd by ſeveral of thoſe Criticks, who only dip into Authors when they have occaſion to write againſt them: And yet even theſe ſhall ſpeak differently concerning the Writers, if the Queſtion be of their own Performances; for to their own Works they write *Prefaces*, to diſplay the Grandneſs of the Moral, Regularity of the Scheme, Number and Brightneſs of the Figures, and a thouſand other Excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one wou'd ever imagine. For others, they write *Remarks*, which tend to contract their Excellencies within the narrow Compaſs of their partial Apprehenſion. It were well if they cou'd allow ſuch to be as wiſe as themſelves, whom the world allows to be much wiſer: But their being naturally Friends to themſelves, and profeſſedly Adverſaries to ſome greater Genius, eaſily accounts for theſe different Manners of Speaking. I will not leave this Note, without giving you an Inſtance of its Practice in the great *Julius Scaliger:* He has been free enough with HOMER in the *Remarks* he makes upon him; but when he ſpeaks of himſelf, I deſire my Reader wou'd take Notice of his Modeſty; I give his own Words, *Lib.* 3. *Poet. Cap.* 112. *In Deum Patrem Hymnum cum ſcriberemus, tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipſius creatione ad nos noſtraque*

que uſque duximus.—In quo abduximus animum noſtrum a corporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis, quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem ſanctiſſimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus eſt, ut cum leniſſimis numeris eſſet inchoatus Hymnus, repentino divini Ignis impetu conflagravit.

Page 70. Ver. 15. *The circled Loaves.*] ZOILUS *here finds fault with the mention of Loaves, Tripes, Bacon and Cheeſe, as Words below the Dignity of the* Epic, *as much* (ſays he) *as it wou'd be to have opprobrious Names given in it.* By which Expreſſion we eaſily ſee, he hints at the firſt Book of the *Iliad.* Now, we muſt conſider in Anſwer, that it is a Mouſe which is ſpoken of, that Eating is the moſt appearing Characteriſtick of that Creature, that theſe Foods are ſuch as pleaſe it moſt; and to have deſcrib'd particular Pleaſures for it in any other way, wou'd have been as incongruous, as to have deſcrib'd a haughty loud Anger without thoſe Names which it throws out in its Fierceneſs, and which raiſe it to its pitch of Phrenzy. In the one Inſtance you ſtill ſee a Mouſe before you, however the Poet raiſes it to a Man; in the other, you ſhall ſee a Man before you; however, the Poet raiſes him to a Demi-God. But ſome call that *low*, which others call *natural.* Every Thing has two Handles, and the Critick who ſets himſelf to cenſure

all

all he meets, is under an Obligation ſtill to lay hold on the worſt of them.

Page 71. Ver. 19. *But me, nor Stalks.*] In this Place Zoilus *laughs at the Ridiculouſneſs of the Poet, who* (according to his Repreſentation) *makes a Prince refuſe an Invitation in Heroicks, becauſe he did not like the Meat he was invited to.* And, that the Ridicule may appear in as ſtrong a Light to others as to himſelf, he puts as much of the Speech as concerns it into burleſque Airs and Expreſſions. This is indeed a common Trick with *Remarkers*, which they either practiſe by Precedent from their Maſter Zoilus, or are beholden for it to the ſame Turn of Temper. We acknowledge it a fine Piece of Satire, when there is Folly in a Paſſage, to lay it open in the way by which it naturally requires to be expos'd: Do this handſomely, and the Author is deſervedly a Jeſt. If, on the contrary, you dreſs a Paſſage which was not originally fooliſh, in the higheſt Humour of Ridicule, you only frame ſomething which the Author himſelf might laugh at, without being more nearly concern'd than another Reader.

Page 73. Ver. 11. *So paſs'd Europa.*] This Simile makes Zoilus, who ſets up for a profeſs'd Enemy of Fables, to exclaim violently. *We had*, ſays he, *a Frog and a Mouſe hitherto, and now we get a Bull and a Princeſs to illuſtrate their Actions: When will there be an end*

of

of this Fabling-Folly and Poetry, which I value myſelf for being unacquainted with? O great Polycrates, *how happily haſt thou obſerv'd in thy Accuſation againſt* Socrates, *That whatever he was before, he deſerv'd his Poiſon when he began to make Verſes!* Now, if the Queſtion be concerning HOMER's good or bad Poetry, this is an unqualifying Speech, which affords his Friends juſt Grounds of Exception againſt the Critick. Wherefore, be it known to all preſent and future Cenſors, who have, or ſhall preſume to glory in an Ignorance of Poetry, and at the ſame Time take upon them to judge of Poets, that they are in all their Degrees for ever excluded the Poſt they would uſurp. In the firſt Place, they who know neither the Uſe, nor Practice of the Art; in the ſecond, they who know it but by halves, who have Hearts inſenſible of the Beauties of Poetry, and are however able to find fault by Rules; and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving Beauties and pointing out Defects, are ſtill ſo ignorant in the Nature of their Buſineſs, as to imagine the Province of Criticiſm extends itſelf only on the ſide of Diſpraiſe and Reprehenſion. How cou'd any one at this Rate be ſeen with his proper Ballance of Perfection and Error? or what were the beſt Performances in this Indulgence of Ill-nature, but as Apartments hung with the Deformities of Humanity, done by ſome great Hand, which are the more to be

abhorr'd

abhorr'd, becauſe the Praiſe and Honour they receive, reſults from the Degree of Uneaſineſs, to which they put every Temper of common Goodneſs?

Pag. 75. Ver. 4. *Ye Mice, ye Mice.*] The Antients believ'd that Heroes were turn'd into Demi-Gods at their Death; and in general, that departing Souls have ſomething of a Sight into Futurity. It is either this Notion, or a Care which the Gods may take to abate the Pride of inſulting Adverſaries, which a Poet goes upon, when he makes his Leaders die foretelling the End of thoſe by whom they are ſlain. ZOILUS however is againſt this Paſſage. He ſays, *that every Character ought to be ſtrictly kept; that a General ought not to invade the Character of a Prophet, nor a Prophet of a General.* He is poſitive, *that nothing ſhou'd be done by any one, without having been hinted at in ſome previous Account of him.* And this he aſſerts, without any Allowance made either for a Change of States, or the Deſign of the Gods. To confirm this Obſervation, he ſtrengthens it with a Quotation out of his larger Work on the *Iliad*, where he has theſe Words upon the Death of *Hector: How fooliſh is it in* HOMER *to make* Hector (*who thro' the whole Courſe of the Iliad had made uſe of* Helenus, *to learn the Will of the Gods*) *become a Prophet juſt at his Death? Let every one be what he ought, without falling into thoſe Parts*

which others are to ſuſtain in a Poem. This he has ſaid, not diſtinguiſhing rightly between our natural Diſpoſitions and accidental Offices. And this he has ſaid again, not minding, that tho' it be taken from another Book, it is ſtill from the ſame Author. However, Vanity loves to gratify itſelf by the Repetition of what it eſteems to be written with Spirit, and even when we repeat it ourſelves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been follow'd by a magiſterial Set of Men who quote themſelves, and ſwell their new Performances with what they admire in their former Treatiſes. This is a moſt extraordinary Knack of Arguing, whereby a Man can never want a Proof, if he be allow'd to become an Authority for his own Opinion.

Page 76. Ver. 4. *And no kind Billow.*] *How impertinent is this Caſe of Pity,* ſays Zoilus, *to bemoan, that the Prince was not toſs'd towards Land: It is enough he loſt his Life, and there is an end of his Suffering where there is an end of his Feeling. To carry the Matter farther is juſt the ſame fooliſh Management as* Homer *has ſhewn in his* Iliad, *which he ſpins out into forty Trifles beyond the Death of* Hector. But the Critick muſt allow me to put the Readers in mind, that Death was not the laſt Diſtreſs the Ancients believ'd was to be met upon Earth. The laſt was the remaining unbury'd, which had this Miſery annex'd, that while the Body

Body was without its Funeral-Rites in this World, the Soul was ſuppos'd to be without Reſt in the next, which was the Caſe of the Mouſe before us. And accordingly the *Ajax* of *Sophocles* continues after the Death of its Hero more than an Act, upon the Conteſt concerning his Burial. All this ZOILUS knew very well: But ZOILUS is not the only one who diſputes for Victory rather than Truth. Theſe fooliſh Criticks write even Things they themſelves can anſwer, to ſhew how much they can write againſt an Author. They act unfairly, that they may be ſure to be ſharp enough; and trifle with the Reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needleſs to wiſh them the Return they deſerve: Their Diſregard to Candour is no ſooner diſcover'd, but they are for ever baniſh'd from the Eyes of Men of Senſe, and condemn'd to wander from Stall to Stall, for a temporary Refuge from that Oblivion which they can't eſcape.

Pag. 78. Ver. 5. *Our Eldeſt periſh'd.*] ZOILUS has here taken *the Recapitulation of thoſe Misfortunes which happen'd to the Royal Family, as an Impertinence that expatiates from the Subject*; tho' indeed there ſeems nothing more proper to raiſe that ſort of Compaſſion, which was to enflame his Audience to War. But what appears extremely pleaſant is, that at the ſame time he condemns the Paſſage, he ſhould make uſe of it as an

Opportunity to fall into *an ample Digreſſion on the various Kinds of Mouſe-Traps*, and diſplay that minute Learning which every Critick of his ſort is fond to ſhew himſelf Maſter of. This they imagine is tracing of Knowledge thro' its hidden Veins, and bringing Diſcoveries to day-light, which Time had cover'd over. Indefatigable and uſeleſs Mortals! who value themſelves for Knowledge of no conſequence, and think of gaining Applauſe by what the Reader is careful to paſs over unread. What did the Diſquiſition ſignify formerly, whether *Ulyſſes*'s Son, or his Dog, was the elder? or how can the Account of a Veſture, or a Player's Maſque, deſerve that any ſhould write the Bulk of a Treatiſe, or others read it when it is written? A Vanity thus poorly ſupported, which neither affords Pleaſure nor Profit, is the unſubſtantial Amuſement of a Dream to ourſelves, and a provoking Occaſion of our Deriſion to others.

Pag. 79. Ver. 1, 2. *Quills aptly bound—— Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd.*] This Paſſage is ſomething difficult in the Original, which gave Zoilus the Opportunity of inventing an Expreſſion, which his Followers conceitedly uſe when any thing appears dark to them. *This*, ſay they, *let* Phœbus *explain*; as if what exceeds their Capacity muſt of neceſſity demand oracular Interpretations, and an Interpoſal of the God of Wit and

and Learning. The Baſis of ſuch Arrogance is the Opinion they have of that Knowledge they aſcribe to themſelves. They take Criticiſm to be beyond every other Part of Learning, becauſe it gives Judgment upon Books written in every other Part. They think in conſequence, that every Critick muſt be a greater Genius than any Author whom he cenſures; and therefore if they eſteem themſelves Criticks, they ſet enthron'd Infancy at the Head of Literature. Criticiſm indeed deſerves a noble Elogy, when it is inlarg'd by ſuch a comprehenſive Learning as *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* were Maſters of; when it adorns its Precepts with the conſummate Exactneſs of *Quintilian*, or is exalted into the ſublime Sentiments of *Longinus*. But let not ſuch Men tell us they participate in the Glory of theſe great Men, and place themſelves next to *Phœbus*, who, like Zoilus, entangle an Author in the Wrangles of Grammarians, or try him with a poſitive Air and barren Imagination, by the Set of Rules they have collected out of others.

Pag. 79. Ver. 15. *Ye Frogs, the Mice.*] At this Speech of the Herald's, which recites the Cauſe of the War, Zoilus is angry with the Author, *for not finding out a Cauſe entirely juſt; for*, ſays he, *it appears not from his own Fable, that* Phyſignathus *invited the Prince with any malicious Intention to make him away.* To this we anſwer, 1ſt, That it is not neceſſary

in relating Facts to make every War have a juſt Beginning. 2dly, This doubtful Cauſe agrees better with the Moral, by ſhewing that ill-founded Leagues have Accidents to deſtroy them, even without the Intention of Parties. 3dly, There was all Appearance imaginable againſt the Frogs; and if we may be allow'd to retort on our Adverſary the Practice of his Poſterity, there is more Humanity in an Hoſtility proclaim'd upon the Appearance of Injuſtice done us, than in their Cuſtom of attacking the Works of others as ſoon as they come out, purely becauſe they are eſteem'd to be good. Their Performances, which cou'd derive no Merit from their own Names, are then ſold upon the Merit of their Antagoniſt: And if they are ſo ſenſible of Fame, or even of Envy, they have the mortification to remember, how much by this Means they become indebted to thoſe they injure.

Page 81. Ver. 3. *Where high the Banks.*] This Project is not put in practice during the following Battle, by reaſon of the Fury of the Combatants: Yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this Place, foraſmuch as the probable Face of Succeſs which it carries with it tended to animate the Frogs. Zoilus however cannot be ſo ſatisfied; *It were better*, ſays he, *to cut it intirely out; nor wou'd* Homer *be the worſe if half of him were*

ſerv'd

ſerv'd in the ſame manner; *ſo*, continues he, *they will find it, whoever in any Country ſhall hereafter undertake ſo odd a Taſk, as that of tranſlating him.* Thus Envy finds Words to put in the Mouth of Ignorance; and the Time will come, when Ignorance ſhall repeat what Envy has pronounced ſo raſhly.

Pag. 82. Ver. 5. *And tap'ring Sea-Reeds.*] If we here take the Reed for that of our own Growth, it is no Spear to match the long ſort of Needles with which the Mice had arm'd themſelves; but the Cane, which is rather intended, has its Splinters ſtiff and ſharp, to anſwer all the Uſes of a Spear in Battle. Nor is it here to be lightly paſt over, ſince Zoilus moves a Queſtion upon it, that the Poet cou'd not chooſe a more proper Weapon for the Frogs, than that which they chooſe for themſelves in a defenſive War they maintain with the Serpents of *Nile*. *They have this Stratagem*, ſays *Ælian*, *to protect themſelves*; *they ſwim with pieces of Cane acroſs their Mouths, of too great a Length for the Breadth of the Serpents Throats*; *by which means they are preſerv'd from being ſwallow'd by them.* This is a Quotation ſo much to the point, that I ought to have uſher'd in my Author with more Pomp to dazzle the Reader. Zoilus and his Followers, who ſeldom praiſe any Man, are however careful to do it for their own ſakes, if at any time they get

an Author of their Opinion: Tho' indeed it muſt be allow'd, they ſtill have a Draw-back in their manner of Praiſe, and rather chooſe to drop the name of their Man, or darkly hint him in a Periphraſis, than to have it appear that they have directly aſſiſted the perpetuating of any one's Memory. Thus, if a *Dutch* Critick were to introduce for example *Martial*, he wou'd, inſtead of naming him, ſay, *Ingenioſus ille Epigrammaticus Bilbilicus.* Or, if one of our own were to quote from among ourſelves, he wou'd tell us how it has been remark'd *in the Works of a learned Writer, to whom the World is oblig'd for many excellent Productions*, &c. All which Proceeding is like boaſting of our great Friends, when it is to do ourſelves an Honour, or the Shift of dreſſing up one who might otherwiſe be diſregarded, to make him paſs upon the World for a reſponſible Voucher to our own Aſſertions.

Pag. 82. Ver. 9. *But now where* Jove's.] At this fine Epiſode, in which the Gods are introduced, Zoilus has no Patience left him to remark; but runs ſome Lines with a long String of ſuch Expreſſions as *Trifler*, *Fabler*, *Lyer*, *fooliſh*, *impions*, all which he laviſhly heaps upon the Poet. From this knack of calling Names, join'd with the ſeveral Arts of finding fault, it is to be ſuſpected, that our Zoilus's might make very able Libellers, and dangerous Men to the Government, if they did not rather

rather turn themſelves to be ridiculous Cenſors: For which Reaſon I cannot but reckon the State oblig'd to Men of Wit; and under a kind of Debt in gratitude, when they take off ſo much Spleen, Turbulency, and Ill-nature, as might otherwiſe ſpend itſelf to the Detriment of the Publick.

Pag. 83. Ver. 9. *If my Daughter's Mind.*] This Speech, which *Jupiter* ſpeaks to *Pallas* with a pleaſant kind of Air, ZOILUS takes gravely to pieces; and affirms, *It is below* Jupiter's *Wiſdom, and only agreeable with* HOMER's *Folly, that he ſhou'd borrow a Reaſon for her aſſiſting the Mice from their Attendance in the Temple, when they waited to prey upon thoſe things which were ſacred to her.* But the Air of the Speech rendring a grave Anſwer unneceſſary; I ſhall only offer ZOILUS an Obſervation in return for his. There are upon the Stone which is carv'd for the Apotheoſis of HOMER, Figures of Mice by his Footſtool, which, according to *Cuperus*, its Interpreter, ſome have taken to ſignify this Poem; and others thoſe Criticks, who tear or vilify the Works of great Men. Now if ſuch can be compar'd to Mice, let the Words of ZOILUS be brought home to himſelf and his Followers for their Mortification: *That no one ought to think of meriting in the State of Learning only by debaſing the beſt Performances, and as it were*

were preying upon thoſe Things which ſhou'd be ſacred in it.

Pag. 84. Ver. 1. *In vain my Father.*] The Speech of *Pallas* is diſlik'd by Zoilus, *becauſe it makes the Goddeſs carry a Reſentment againſt ſuch inconſiderable Creatures*; tho' he ought to eſteem them otherwiſe when they repreſent the Perſons and Actions of Men, and teach us how the Gods diſregard thoſe in their Adverſities who provoke them in Proſperity. But, if we conſider *Pallas* as the Patroneſs of Learning, we may by an allegorical Application of the Mice and Frogs, find in this Speech two ſorts of Enemies to Learning; they who are maliciouſly miſchievous, as the Mice; and they who are turbulent through Oſtentation, as the Frogs. The firſt are Enemies to Excellency upon Principle; the ſecond accidentally by the Error of Self-Love, which does not quarrel with the Excellence itſelf, but only with thoſe People who get more Praiſe than themſelves by it. Thus, tho' they have not the ſame Perverſeneſs with the others, they are however drawn into the ſame Practices, while they ruin Reputations, leſt they ſhou'd not ſeem to be learn'd; as ſome Women turn Proſtitutes, leſt they ſhou'd not be thought handſome enough to have Admirers.

Pag. 87. Ver. 1. *Their dreadful Trumpets.*] Upon the reading of this, Zoilus becomes full of Diſcoveries. He recollects, that Ho-

MER

MER *makes his* Greeks *come to battle with Silence, and his* Trojans *with Shouts*; from whence he diſcovers, *that he knew nothing of Trumpets.* Again, he ſees, *that the* Hornet *is made a Trumpeter to the Battle*; and hence he diſcovers, *that the Line muſt not be* HOMER's. Now had he drawn his Conſequences fairly, he cou'd only have found by the one, that Trumpets were not in uſe at the taking of *Troy*; and by the other, that the Battle of *Frogs* and *Mice* was laid by the Poet for a later Scene of Action than that of the *Iliad.* But the Boaſt of Diſcoveries accompanies the Affectation of Knowledge; and the Affectation of Knowledge is taken up with a deſign to gain a command over the Opinions of others. It is too heavy a Taſk for ſome Criticks to ſway our rational Judgments by rational Inferences; a pompous Pretence muſt occaſion Admiration, the Eyes of Mankind muſt be obſcur'd by a Glare of Pedantry, that they may conſent to be led blindfold, and permit that an Opinion ſhou'd be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reaſon'd into it.

Pag. 88. Ver. 4. *Big* Seutlæus *tumbling.*] ZOILUS has happen'd to bruſh the Duſt of ſome old Manuſcript, in which the Line that kills *Seutlæus* is wanting. And for this cauſe he fixes a general Concluſion, *that there is no dependance upon any thing which is handed down for* HOMER's, *ſo as to allow it Praiſe*; *ſince the*

the different Copies vary amongſt themſelves. But is it fair in Zoilus, or any of his Followers, to oppoſe one Copy to a thouſand? and are they impartial who wou'd paſs this upon us for an honeſt Ballance of Evidence? When there is ſuch an Inequality on each ſide, is it not more than probable that the Number carry the Author's Senſe in them, and the ſingle one its Tranſcriber's Errors? It is Folly or Madneſs of Paſſion to be thus given over to Partiality and Prejudices. Men may flouriſh as much as they pleaſe concerning the Value of a new-found Edition, in order to byaſs the World to particular Parts of it; but in a Matter eaſily decided by common Senſe, it will ſtill continue of its own Opinion.

Pag. 90. Ver. 15. *With* Borbocætes *fights.*] Through the grammatical Part of Zoilus's Work he frequently rails at Homer for his Dialects. *Theſe*, ſays he in one place, *the Poet made uſe of becauſe he could not write pure* Greek; and in another, *they ſtrangely contributed to his Fame, by making ſeveral Cities who obſerv'd ſomething of their own in his mix'd Language, contend for his being one of their Natives.* Now ſince I have here practis'd a Licence in imitation of his, by ſhortning the word *Borbocætes* a whole Syllable, it ſeems a good Opportunity to ſpeak for him where I defend my ſelf. Remember then, that any great Genius who introduces Poetry into a Language

Language, has a Power to poliſh it, and of all the Manners of ſpeaking then in Uſe, to ſettle that for Poetical which he judges moſt adapted to the Art. Take Notice too, that HOMER has not only done this for Neceſſity, but for Ornament, ſince he uſes various Dialects to humour his Senſe with Sounds which are expreſſive of it. Thus much in behalf of my Author to anſwer ZOILUS: As for my ſelf, who deal with his Followers, I muſt argue from Neceſſity, that the Word was ſtubborn and wou'd not ply to the Quantities of an *Engliſh* Verſe, and therefore I alter'd it by the *Dialect* we call *Poetical*, which makes my Line ſo much ſmoother, that I am ready to cry with their Brother *Lipſius*, when he turn'd an O into an I, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit* Phœbus *quando hoc correxi*. To this let me add a Recrimination upon ſome of them: As firſt, ſuch as chooſe Words written after the Manner of thoſe who preceded the pureſt Age of a Language, without the Neceſſity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perduit* for *perdidit*, which Reſtoration of obſolete Words deſerves to be call'd a *critical Licence* or *Dialect*. 2*dly*, Thoſe who pretending to Verſe without an Ear, uſe the *poetical Dialect* of *Abbreviation*, ſo that the Lines ſhall run the rougher for it. And 3*dly*, Thoſe who preſume by their *critical Licences* to alter the ſpelling of Words; an Affectation which deſtroys the Etymology of a Language, and being

being carry'd on by private Hands for Fancy or Faſhion, wou'd be a thing we ſhou'd never have an end.

Pag. 95. Ver. 13. *Nor Pallas, Jove.*] *I cannot*, ſays Zoilus, *reflect upon this Speech of* Mars, *where a* Mouſe *is oppos'd to the God of War, the Goddeſs of Valour, the Thunder of* Jupiter, *and all the Gods at once, but I rejoyce to think that* Pythagoras *ſaw* Homer's *Soul in Hell, hanging on a Tree, and ſurrounded with Serpents, for what he ſaid of the Gods.* Thus he who hates Fables anſwers one with another, and can rejoice in them when they flatter his Envy. He appears at the head of his Squadron of Criticks, in the full Spirit of one utterly devoted to a Party; with whom Truth is a Lye, or as bad as a Lye, when it makes againſt him; and falſe Quotations paſs for Truth, or as good as Truth, when they are neceſſary to a Cauſe.

Pag. 99. Ver. 3. *And a whole War.*] *Here*, ſays Zoilus, *is an End of a very fooliſh Poem, of which by this Time I have effectually convinc'd the World, and ſilenc'd all ſuch for the future, who, like* Homer, *write Fables to which others find Morals, Characters whoſe Juſtneſs is queſtion'd, unneceſſary Digreſſions, and impious Epiſodes.* But what Aſſurance can ſuch as Zoilus have, that the World will ever be convinc'd againſt an eſtabliſh'd Reputation,

tation, by ſuch People whoſe Faults in writing are ſo very notorious? who judge againſt Rules, affirm without Reaſons, and cenſure without Manners? who quote themſelves for a Support of their Opinions, found their Pride upon a Learning in Trifles, and their Superiority upon the Claims they magiſterially make? who write of Beauties in a harſh Style, judge of Excellency with a Lowneſs of Spirit, and purſue their Deſire to decry it with every Artifice of Envy? There is no Diſgrace in being cenſur'd, where there is no Credit to be favour'd. But, on the contrary, Envy gives a Teſtimony of ſome Perfection in another; and one who is attack'd by many, is like a Hero whom his Enemies acknowledge for ſuch, when they point all the Spears of a Battle againſt him. In ſhort, an Author who writes for every Age, may even erect himſelf a Monument of thoſe Stones which Envy throws at him: While the Critick who writes againſt him can have no Fame becauſe he had no Succeſs; or if he fancies he may ſucceed, he ſhou'd remember, that by the Nature of his Undertaking he wou'd but undermine his own Foundation; for he is to ſink of courſe, when the Book which he writes againſt, and for which alone he is read, is loſt in Diſrepute or Oblivion.

FINIS.

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